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"IS HE COMING?"—(FROM THE PICTURE, BY J. L. LUCAS, IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.)



## THE ROMAN QUESTION.

WHEN the celebrated "September Convention" was signed between France and Italy, many doubts were entertained as to whether it ever would be executed. After some delay, however, the terms of that agreement are really being carried out. The French troops are leaving, or rather, according to the news received by telegraph, have already left, Rome; and the Pope must now be speculating very anxiously as to the worldly possibility of his maintaining his position, which, as he informed one of the French Commanders, on taking leave of the departing chief, is in grave danger of being attacked by the "revolution." The two remarkable points in the Holy Father's farewell address are his expressed convictions that his power is inassailable in a spiritual, but scarcely defensible at all in a terrestrial sense. Before many days have passed Pius the Ninth expects that the flag of the "revolution" will be floating over the Capitol—by which he does not mean a Mazzinian or Red Republican flag, but simply the flag of the Italian kingdom.

But, in spite of these assurances, from a very high quarter, that no sooner will the French troops have marched out than the Italian ones will march in, it may be doubted whether the affairs of Rome will be settled, even temporarily, in so rapid a manner as this. Some months—nearly a year—ago, it was proposed to the Pope by an Italian Envoy, who visited him—not, of course, in a recognised official capacity, but as bearer of distinct proposals, nevertheless, from the Italian Government—that the French garrison, according to the plan which his Holiness believes is now about to be executed, should be replaced by Italians, who were, of course, to protect the Pope and to maintain him secure against all comers. But the Pope mistrusted the Italians, and, looking upon them as agents of the "revolution," refused to have anything to do with them. Once in Rome, he was convinced that they would over-protect him; in fact, that, instead of protecting him, in the proper sense of the word, they would keep him under surveillance and deprive him of all liberty of action. Otherwise, throughout the negotiations with Signor Vegezzi—which were broken off not from any unwillingness on the part of the Pope himself to continue them, but owing to the intrigues of the Papal Ministers—Pius IX. professed himself willing and anxious to come to some amicable understanding with Victor Emmanuel. All the clergy of that portion of the States of the Church which has been annexed to the Italian kingdom are without episcopal guidance and supervision; and for this, if for no other reason, the Holy Father is desirous of coming to some sort of agreement with the "revolution," as represented by Victor Emmanuel. But the Italians, we fancy, only care for the question of the vacant bishoprics because they see in it a means of influencing the Pope and procuring concessions from him on the general political question. They would give in on that and every minor point if they could only be allowed to occupy Rome with their troops, no matter on what ground.

In England we are in the habit of looking at Roman affairs exclusively from an anti-Papal point of view. This may be very virtuous on our part, but it will not enable us to understand the question. Granted that the Pope is anti-Christ, the Beast, and so on, and that his government is "the abomination that maketh desolate" predicted by Daniel the Prophet, he is the head of the most important Church in Christendom all the same; he is the most ancient Sovereign Prince in Europe; and he is the Bishop of Rome. He cannot, then, act upon the notice to quit given to him by our newspapers quite so readily as seems to be expected of him. Besides, being a selfish man, in so far that he knows what is due to his own dignity, he has to think of his predecessors, from whom he has received, as it were, certain powers in trust, and of his successors, to whom it must and ought to be his object to hand down "the inheritance of St. Peter" intact. If the Pope were an absolute Sovereign, with unlimited power, such as the Emperor of Austria and the Emperor of the French possess, to give or barter away the Papal provinces, the settlement of the Roman question would be comparatively easy. But his power is limited from the fact that he holds it as a trust and for his lifetime only. There is no Papal dynasty; and every Pope on his election and appointment has to look upon himself not so much as master and ruler in the States of the Church, but as steward and administrator.

"But his government is bad; the people don't like him; the maintenance of the temporal power of the Pope stands in the way of the development of the power of the kingdom of Italy," it is said; "and for these reasons he ought to be called upon to reform or disappear." It is certainly very hard for a Roman to have to live under a detestable Government because for certain high religious reasons that Government cannot be reformed. The Pope, as his supporters argue, and as he himself argues, must exist as he is or he does not exist at all. He must maintain his character for infallibility. Consequently, he cannot expose himself to criticism, and therefore cannot tolerate liberty of the press, which means, if it means anything, free outspoken criticism of all persons and things.

The Pope cannot allow the principles of his Government to be discussed—far less attacked; and yet it is known, both in practice and in theory, to be one of the very worst Governments in the world. There must then be something wrong in this state of things. The principle of infallibility, whatever may be said about it in religious matters—and it is, we need hardly say, quite beyond our province to discuss such a thing in these columns—seems entirely out of place in politics. Indeed, once admit the infallibility of a temporal prince, and there is an end to politics altogether.

But what, on the other hand, would be thought of an infallible spiritual chief who admitted and allowed that as a temporal chief he was decidedly fallible? It would seem that a separation of the temporal from the spiritual power would meet this difficulty; but would the Pope still be the temporal chief? and, if so, how would he manage to combine two, in many respects, opposite characters? For, in one character he, of course, could change nothing; in the other, if he filled it at all well, he would have to change nearly everything. This, however, is the panacea usually recommended in England for the ills of Rome. Let the "temporal power" be abolished, and all, we are assured, will then go on well. But suppose the Pope did really cease to rule at the Vatican through his lay Ministers, what would his position be? We cannot fancy any Power permanently in possession of Rome except Italy; and, as a man must be either a ruler or a subject, the Pope would have either to govern Victor Emmanuel or to submit to him. Now, from the nature of the institution, it is evident that the Papacy could not be allowed to remain at the mercy of an Italian or of any other King. Pius IX., from a Sovereign in his own territory, could not become a subject in the territory of another. The Roman Catholic Church wants neither an Italian Pope, nor a German, nor a French Pope. It wants the Pope of Rome as an independent Power, in his own Roman States. That its desire in this respect will not be gratified much longer is only too probable. Nevertheless, by the terms of the September Convention, the Italians are bound neither themselves to cross, nor to allow any one else to cross, the Roman frontier. If this clause in the convention be strictly executed, the critical moment for the Papacy may even now not yet have arrived.

## "IS HE COMING?"

WE place before our readers an Engraving from a picture by Mr. W. Lucas, exhibited at the Gallery of the Institute of Painters in Water Colour. The exhibition is professedly one of sketches—the first one which the younger society has attempted—but many of the works on the walls might claim to be called pictures, rather than sketches; and Mr. Lucas's is one of these. From a critical point of view, this is incorrect; but the public have nothing to complain of, since they purchase pictures at prices which are fixed for sketches.

Mr. Lucas's pleasant colouring and graceful drawing have been spoken of frequently in these columns. We need only add here to the judgment then expressed that he appears to possess the very enviable power of painting pretty faces which are not the conventional pretty faces with button-hole mouths and saucer eyes, but the actual faces of women.

Not too good  
For human nature's daily food.

"Is he coming?" is the momentous question proposing itself to the beating heart of the bonnie lassie as she shades her clear, pure eyes from the rays of the evening sun and glances down the vale. It is a question that proposes itself pretty often to maidenly hearts. Is he coming?—the lord of that pulpitating little bosom, the grandest and happiest fellow in the world; the real living, breathing lover. Is he coming?—the prince of dreams, the perfect ideal, the imaginary wooer, for whom the anxious little bosom waits not very patiently in secret. There are two forms in which the all-important question presents itself, and the former is the one which perplexes Mr. Lucas's rustic beauty. Is he coming? Yes; down yonder by the brookside, in his holiday attire, whistling as cheerily as a black-bird, he is stepping along through the early dews to keep tryst with the girl he loves.

**SINGULAR CAPTURE OF A FOX.**—On Saturday Mr. John Nelson, of Gagesgarth, Batemere, while out looking after the sheep on that part of the mountain known as Scarth, heard a hound at some distance, as if in full chase, and apparently approaching. On looking round he perceived a hound descending, at express-train speed, the mountain's brow, in full view of a fine fox, which was only a few yards in advance of the dog. Both pursuer and pursued were stretching every muscle in running, the one to compass a kill, the other to escape it. The hound gradually crept to a closer proximity to the brush till within a few yards of the river, which descends into Ennerdale Lake. Here the dog, with one bound, caught the fox by the back, and they both rolled over into the river. Mr. Nelson then sent his sheep-dog to assist the gallant hound to despatch the "varmint," which was in a short time accomplished. It proved a fine dog-fox of nearly 18lb.

**A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.**—Shortly before the 7.30 p.m. train left the Maidenhead station, on the North Kent line, on Sunday evening, a ticket-collector named Baldwin found a man in a third-class carriage without a ticket, and ordered him to leave the train. He then got out of the carriage, and nothing more was seen of him until the train was leaving the station, when Baldwin saw the stranger riding on the buffer of one of the carriages in the middle of the train. Seeing the great peril the man was in, and knowing that there was no means of stopping the train, Baldwin courageously jumped on to the buffer, at the same time exclaiming, "For God's sake! stand still until you get to Aylesford, or you will be killed." The man made no reply, but retained his hold for about 150 yards, when he horrified Baldwin by jumping off and dashing himself against the stone wall of a dark cutting through which the train was passing. Baldwin also jumped off the train, and in walking back through the cutting ran against the man in the dark. He immediately secured him and conveyed him back to Mr. Roggett, the station-master. His head and face were covered with blood, which was flowing profusely from a severe wound on the head. The man being insensible, Mr. Roggett ordered him to be removed to Dr. Oliver's surgery, where it was found that he had sustained three severe scalp wounds. His injuries were at once attended to, and he was then removed to the Railway Hotel, where he remained in a state of insensibility for several hours. From subsequent inquiries it was ascertained that his name was James Mulligan, living at 82, Milton-road, Gravesend. From the fact of only a few coppers being found upon him, it is supposed he was endeavouring to avoid paying the fare by getting in the train on the opposite side, where the carriage doors were not locked, and that while doing so the train started.

**EXTRAORDINARY FIGHT.**—During the past two or three weeks a fight of a most stupid character has been going on at a place called Freckleton Marsh, on the banks of the Ribble, a few miles from Preston. Certain rights in a fence at Freckleton Marsh are claimed, on the one hand by the Ribble Navigation Company, and on the other by a few persons residing in Kirkham and the neighbourhood; and the latter, fancying that they were on the defensive side, engaged a number of strong men to tear up the fence and rearrange matters in what they called their "natural order." The night before the grand assault upon the fence had to be made, the hired combatants met at one of the village inns, discussed the course to be pursued, and gathered the implements of destruction together. Next morning they went to the side of the Ribble and began demolishing the fence; but they were soon confronted by a number of persons, who had been sent from Preston in a bus, in the interests of the Ribble Navigation Company, and who wielded more poles in vindication of the alleged rights of that body. The leader of the opposition gang was seized by one of the Preston men, thrown over a fence, and then obliged to beat a retreat with his men to the nearest public-house; "for," said he, "the man who tackled me seemed big enough to warm the lot of us." The Preston men subsequently went to one of the public-houses in Freckleton, and whilst they were carousing there the vanquished men returned to the scene of conflict and succeeded in destroying about 100 yards of the fence. When in the very heat of their work the Preston men returned and again routed them. Afterwards a rumour prevailed at Freckleton, and by some means it got to Preston, to the effect that the general of the Kirkham men was determined to "win or die," and that he intended very shortly to muster his troops on Freckleton Marsh again. The Ribble Navigation Company sent down about 100 men, who were armed with bluejackets, &c., on the day fixed for the final assault, and they remained on the ground until night; but the "win or die" party never put in an appearance. The secretary of the Ribble Navigation Company has written to Mr. T. Shaw, surgeon, of Kirkham, Mr. R. Moore, solicitor of the same place, and others, to the effect that they are requested to restore the fence, and that they will be held responsible for whatever consequences may ensue through its partial destruction.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## FRANCE.

The plan for the reorganisation of the French army was published in the *Moniteur* on Wednesday. The main feature of the scheme is that there is to be an army of 1,140,000 men—that is, an active army of 420,000 men, a reserve of 420,000 men, and a mobilised National Guard of 300,000.

The *Patrie* states that as soon as the Emperor Maximilian received notice of the Empress's illness he at once formed the resolution of proceeding to Miramar. He subsequently, however, altered his intention, in consequence of the representations of the leaders of the Conservative party, and determined to return to the city of Mexico and there formally abdicate. The *France* says:—"We learn that the Emperor Maximilian has returned from Orizaba to the city of Mexico. A telegram to that effect has been received from the Emperor Maximilian by the Archduchess Sophia, in Vienna. The telegram left New York on the 6th inst."

## ITALY.

A Royal decree has been issued, dated Nov. 7, authorising the Minister of Finance to issue five millions of rente, to provide for the payment of the portion of the indemnity still due to Austria. The Minister, in a report to the King, declares that, thanks to this issue, he shall not need to resort to any extraordinary resource for the Budget of 1867.

On the morning of the 12th the French flag upon the Castle of St. Angelo was hauled down, and the Pontifical flag hoisted in its place. The garrison then evacuated the stronghold, and both Pope and people saw their "protectors" depart. At the farewell interview granted by the Pope to the officers of the French troops, General Montebello, the French Commander, made a speech in which, after expressing regret that the moment had arrived for taking leave of his Holiness, he said:—"Faithful to his engagements the Emperor withdraws his flag, but he leaves his moral support to the Holy See. May time soothe passions, assuage sorrows, and inspire all with the spirit of conciliation, in order to assure to the Holy See the independence and security necessary to maintain its spiritual influence on the world." To these expressions of sympathy the Pope made answer:—

"Your flag left France on the mission of upholding the rights of the Holy See. This day the same flag re-enters France: I hope it may be welcomed back with the same feelings with which it set out. Truly, people write to me that all Catholic hearts are alarmed. They tremble on thinking of the hardships which encompass the Vicar of our Lord Jesus Christ, the head of the Catholic Church. There must be no illusions. The revolution will come hither. They have proclaimed it; they have said it again and again. An Italian personage highly placed said that Italy was made, but not completed. Italy would be unmade, forsooth, if a corner remained here where order, justice, and security might reign. They wish to come here and hoist their flag on the Capitol; you are aware that the Tarpeian Rock is not far from it." Here the Pope referred to some alleged assurances of French diplomatists that "the barbarians should never enter Rome—that Rome should never become the capital of Italy;" he broke out into ejaculations of despair, of trust in Providence, &c., then proceeded:—"If you are the Emperor of the French, your Emperor, tell him that I pray for him. They say his health is not very good; I pray for his health. They say his mind is not at ease; I pray for his soul. The French are a Christian nation; their chief must also be Christian. This nation, so great and so powerful, may obtain whatever they wish."

## PRUSSIA.

Prussia has carried out the threat made the other day as to Hanoverian officers who have anything to do with inciting people not to take service with Prussia. Count Kielmansegg, Commander of the Cambridge Regiment of Dragoons, has been sent to the fortress of Minden for having urged some subordinate Hanoverian officers not to enter the Prussian service.

Count Bismarck has received a deputation from North Schleswig who were anxious to have some information as to what was to be done with that province. The Count told them that as soon as affairs generally were consolidated in the Elbe Duchies a popular vote would be taken in North Schleswig on the question whether it should be joined to Prussia or Denmark.

## AUSTRIA.

A deputation from the Lower Austrian Diet, on the 9th, presented to the Emperor the address requesting the convocation of the Reichsrath. His Majesty replied that he would take their request into consideration.

The draught of the address to the Emperor proposed by the Moderate or Deak party has been carried in the Upper House of the Hungarian Diet by a great majority. The address in the Lower House, the discussion on which is to commence to-day (Saturday), is not likely to be particularly cheering to his Majesty. The address urges immediate reconciliation as essential to the life of the nation; and points out that that reconciliation can only be effected by a complete concession of all the demands of Hungary and the release of all political prisoners and exiles.

## RUSSIA.

The rupture of the relations between Russia and Rome was on Saturday last officially announced in an Imperial ukase. All previous arrangements with the Papal See having reference to Roman Catholics in the Czar's dominions are abolished, and Catholics in Russia are now placed under the direction of the authorities intrusted with the control of public worship in Russia and Poland.

## TURKEY.

The Porte, it is reported, has obtained proofs of schemes concocted in Bulgaria for separating that province from the Turkish empire. The party entertaining these plans have put forward M. Abramovich, of Galatz, and M. Dimitrak, of Tulcha, as candidates for the throne of a future electoral principality of Bulgaria.

## CRETE.

Notwithstanding that Constantinople telegrams repeat the assurance that the Cretan insurrection is quelled, it is quite certain that fighting is still going on, and, indeed, that in some quarters the insurgents have had successes. The Garibaldi are said to be arriving in numbers at Athens. There is no lack of probability that Turkey and Greece may shortly be at war one with the other.

A most determined act had been performed by the insurgents at Arkadi. Mustapha Pacha, with 12,000 men, attacked the convent at that place, in which were 540 Cretan Christians, men, women, and children. After one day's resultless fighting artillery was sent for, and the second day, a breach being effected, the troops entered; and, after fighting in the convent as long as possible, the Cretans fired the magazine and blew up everything, destroying about 2000 troops, and all the Christians except thirty-nine men and sixty women and children.

## EGYPT.

The address of the Egyptian delegates, in reply to the speech of the Viceroy at the opening of the Chambers, praises his Highness's administration, and expresses satisfaction that the Sultan, under the guidance of Divine inspiration, had granted to the present dynasty the right of direct hereditary succession to the Viceregal throne—a measure which the delegates consider to be the surest safeguard of the country's tranquillity and the best guarantee for its future welfare. The delegates also thank the Viceroy for having established a National Assembly, and express their conviction that its deliberations, being inspired by earnestness, devotedness, and enlightened patriotism, will conduce to public concord and to the prosperity of the land. The address concludes by invoking the blessing of the Almighty upon the Viceroy and his son.

## THE UNITED STATES.

We have advised by the ordinary channels from New York to the 1st inst. For the moment the strife of parties was in abeyance in view of the immediate opening of Congress.

Mexican affairs were engaging public attention. The Federal Government is reported to be perfectly satisfied of the Emperor Napoleon's intention to remove his troops from Mexico. The occupation of Matamoros by General Sedgwick had been disavowed by General Grant, and General Sedgwick deposed. The Emperor



Maximilian was at Orizaba on Nov. 25, but his baggage was said to have been received at Vera Cruz.

The financial report of Secretary McCulloch, we are told, will show the deficiency in the Treasury for the year ending December, 1865, was 619,000,000 dols. Six months after that time there was an excess of receipts over expenditure of 38,000,000 dols., and the public debt has been reduced 200,000,000 dols. during the last twelve months.

### THE POLICE AND THE LATE REFORM DEMONSTRATION.

MR. ROBERT HARTWELL, secretary of the Trades' Demonstration Committee, makes the following statement in reference to the conduct of the police on the 3rd inst. :—

The only cause of regret which the committee have is, that not more than one fourth of the men in the procession were able to obtain admission into the Beaufort House grounds. For this the committee hold Sir Richard Mayne responsible. That functionary had promised the deputation who waited upon him that the comparatively narrow lane leading from the main road to the entrance-gate of the grounds should be kept clear by the police, only those whose business led them that way being allowed to pass down. In other words, that the lane should not be blocked by the general public before the procession arrived there. This promise was not kept. Although several hundred constables were placed in reserve in St. John's Church, not one was to be seen in the lane or the approaches thereto; and, as a necessary consequence, long before the head of the procession arrived at the top of the lane, it was blocked up by a dense crowd, a large proportion of whom were roughs and thieves of the lowest order, who, with an eye to the best situation for business, had selected this narrow spot for their vocations. Mr. Bryen, the head marshal in charge of the grounds, early in the forenoon, finding the lane was getting full of people, waited upon the inspector at the Fulham police station, as per arrangement with Sir Richard Mayne, and asked him to send half a dozen of the mounted constables to keep the lane and entrance to the grounds clear until the mounted farriers arrived, but that functionary declined. "It was against his orders to do anything of the sort; but if the lane was blocked up when the procession arrived and any disturbance or breach of the peace took place, he should then feel it his duty to send some constables down!" In vain Mr. Bryen urged Sir Richard Mayne's promise, and that "prevention was better than cure." The inspector was inexorable; and, as was to be expected, when the procession did arrive, the societies forming the first division, with the aid of the mounted farriers, were only able to force their way up the lane to the entrance gate, through the crowd of roughs and thieves, with much difficulty, and with the loss of watches, purses, pins, and handkerchiefs. Had it not been for the mounted farriers, not one man in the procession would have gained admittance to the grounds; whereas, if the Police Commissioner had fulfilled his promise, the whole procession would have passed as easily into the grounds as it did along the whole line of route, and the whole programme of the committee would have been carried out without a single hitch. Seeing the position of affairs, and not desiring to place the members forming the second, third, and fourth divisions of the procession at the mercy of the hordes of desperadoes and ruffians congregated in the lane and in front of the entrance-gate, Mr. Potter and several members of the committee, who were mounted, stopped the head of the second division before it reached the lane, and, explaining to the marshals in charge how matters stood, ordered the remaining three fourths of the body to proceed past the lane, along the main road, and break up at the first convenient place. This course being acted upon, prevented a terrible scene taking place, which would probably have resulted in serious injuries, if not loss of life. After all this had been done—after the first division had literally fought their way into the grounds, with great loss of property—up came four mounted police-constables, their services being then entirely useless; the hordes of ruffians, finding the procession had gone another way, having dispersed of themselves, there being no more plunder to be obtained. So much for the assistance promised to the committee by Sir Richard Mayne, at this most critical point of the day!

### WHOLESALE POISONING IN FRANCE.

A *cause célèbre* has been engrossing public attention in Paris. The case is being tried at Niort, in the department of the Deux Sèvres—a dependency of the old English province of Anjou. The prisoner is a farmer of Pressigny, a large village in the neighbourhood, called Martin Réau.

The trial was resumed on Saturday, and the evidence of the various witnesses goes far to establish the guilt of the accused, who, though suspected of other murders, is only indicted for the murder of his two wives and his child. The prisoner is defended by M. Lachaud.

From the *acte d'accusation* it appears that in 1853 the prisoner's brother-in-law, Pierre Réau, then in his thirty-second year, died a fearful death. He had gone out for a day's shooting on Martin Réau's grounds, and had lunched at the farmhouse; he alone partook of the meal. He then went out to resume his shooting, but was seized with a sensation of burning and intolerable anguish in the chest and throat, and he died on Feb. 2. His brother-in-law, Martin Réau, inherited his property. There had been, moreover, constant quarrels between the two respecting some money matters, the prisoner having repeatedly attempted to overreach Pierre. Three years and a half after the death of Pierre, his sister, Martin's wife, died, after a short illness, which presented precisely similar symptoms to that which had carried off the first victim. She had made a will leaving all her property to her husband, Martin Réau, on April 27, 1858, married Julie Bontemps. She is described in the *acte d'accusation* as *une jeune femme charmante*. But soon after her marriage all her brightness departed; she grew pale and sickly, and had also to drink potions administered by her husband to prevent her having children. In spite of these precautions, however, Julie became enceinte. Whilst in that condition she was treated with the grossest brutality by her husband. Among other devices he placed blocks of wood across a dark and deep staircase, down which she had to pass; she fell down the whole flight and broke her arm. She gave birth, however, to a son in September, 1864; the child was put out to nurse in the care of a woman who lived in a state of great poverty. In April, 1865, Julie fell ill; several doctors attended her; but, independently of their medicines, the husband gave her drugs of his own compounding. Her symptoms were similar to those which had marked the illness of her husband's brother-in-law and first wife. Finally, she died in great agony, in July, 1865. Soon after the child was taken home. The boy sickened, and, after a short illness, which presented the same features as that which had carried off his mother, he died in January, 1866. His death made Martin Réau the sole heir of his wife, and made him a comparatively rich man, with about £8000. The death of the child induced the neighbours to suspect foul play; but they would hardly have acted on their suspicions but for the imprudence of Martin's conduct. He went about proclaiming that the only way for a man to grow rich was to marry several times. Finally, they communicated their suspicions to the police, and the bodies of his brother-in-law, his two wives, and his child were exhumed. Their viscera, their coffins, and the very earth of their graves were found impregnated with large quantities of corrosive sublimate, of which he had a large stock to doctor the mules and horses, of which he was a large breeder. He was arrested. While in gaol he bribed a fellow-prisoner, one Bertadatto, in custody for a trivial offence, to take a message to two of his neighbours, a carpenter and his son, offering them 1000*fr.* apiece to depose that they had heard Paul Bontemps (his second wife's father) plotting the death of Julie and her child with a man named Paul Bichou. He gave Bertadatto his instructions in writing, and Bertadatto handed them to the gaoler.

THE FENIANS.—Arrests continue to be made in considerable numbers of persons suspected of being Fenians. These arrests have taken place in Dublin and several other parts of Ireland, as well as in Liverpool. Seizures of arms and munitions of war also continue to take place. The authorities seem thoroughly on the alert. A pastoral from Cardinal Cullen was read in the Dublin churches on Sunday. It condemns the Fenian movement, declaring that the "advocates of revolution, though they talk loudly, have no power, no influence, no friends, no money, nothing that could flatter them with the least hope of success. If they attempt any acts of violence, the only result will be that some property may be damaged, some lives lost, and some deluded young men condemned to perpetual servitude, and doomed to lead a life worse than death itself."

A MAD KING.—A queer story is told of the King of Bavaria. The Prime Minister had made for his Royal master such terms as were more than honourable, during that hurricane which swept away the petty Crowns of the petty States of Germany. Yet he could get no audience. His Majesty was *non inventus*, and, indeed, he could find no King. At last, he stalked his Majesty and tracked him to his lair. "Boatman," says Prime Minister, "carry me over to yonder isle. I would speak awhile with the Lord thereof." "Impossible, my great Herr," replies the retainer; "it is as much as my place is worth." By dint of the production of purses and port-folios, the Minister prevailed this way. The boatman said, "No, I won't," but he got out and left the boat and the oars. The Bavarian Minister for Foreign Affairs then got in and rowed himself across, and landed in this island, which exists, but, being an island in a lake, and Royal property, is known only to the few. The Minister then forced his way into the presence of the Sovereign, whose throne he was sacrificing himself to save. And what did he see? He saw the King of Bavaria dressed in a fancy dress and playing the part of "The Last of the Mohicans." Said the Minister, "Sir, if you will sign so and so, I will secure so and so." "If I do so and so, may I be so and so?" said the King. "Then, Sir," says his Majesty's servant, with a low bow, "you must so and so and so; for I'll be so-and-so if you will not be if you don't sign this paper." Three or four minutes are supposed to have elapsed before the King answers. Then he replies, "Well, I'll sign it if you'll promise that I may have back Wagner."

### MUNICIPALITIES FOR THE METROPOLIS.

UNDER the auspices of the Metropolitan Municipal Association, which has been formed within the last few months, for promoting the better local government of the metropolis, and which has Lord Ebury for president and fifteen members of Parliament for vice-presidents, a meeting was held in St. James's Hall, Regent-street, on Tuesday evening. Among those present were Mr. C. Buxton, M.P., who presided; Mr. T. Hughes, M.P.; Sir W. Fraser, Mr. J. C. Buckmaster, Dr. Farr, and Mr. G. Horton, of the Registrar-General's Department. The audience included members of many of the metropolitan vestries and other governing bodies.

The chairman, in opening the proceedings, said that the administration of the affairs of this great metropolis was a disgrace to us as Englishmen. Never in the world was there a nobler opportunity for self-government; never was an opportunity more shamefully thrown away. Here, on the one hand, we had a city in itself a State, a kingdom, inhabited, one might almost say, by a nation of its own, with 3,000,000 of people within its borders, its real property alone producing £13,000,000 per annum; and containing, moreover, boundless supplies of ability, energy, and public spirit, of Englishmen accustomed to self-government, and imbued with a sincere desire, not only to be ruled well themselves, but to rule others well too. Such was the opportunity: what was the use made of it? Of governing bodies, no doubt we had a plethora; but of organisation, of combination among them, so as to carry on their administration of affairs with economy of power, of this at present we had none. As Mr. Horton, in his valuable pamphlet, pointed out—"The metropolis is divided into thirty-seven districts for the purposes of registration of births; into fifty-six districts for the duties of the Building Act; into nineteen divisions for police purposes; into thirteen county court districts; into fifteen militia districts; and additional divisions for inland revenue, postal, gas and water, and Parliamentary purposes; so that a map of London must have fourteen or fifteen different boundaries to represent in each area the controlling powers." The first thing to aim at should be this, that the areas of authority should be the same; that London should be divided into certain districts, and that each of those districts should be completely self-governing for all and every purpose, so that each householder should feel that he was a citizen, as it were, of that city. Next, we should seek this,—that in each of these districts every householder should be enabled to take a direct part in the election of those who were to govern him and spend his money. And, thirdly, that the acts of these authorities so elected should be done as far as possible under the public eye, and an account should be rendered by them every year of their stewardship to those whose money they had been spending. If we wanted work to be well done, the one vital thing was that the worker should feel that he was watched. These were the main points that ought to be kept in view. We heard a great deal, nowadays, about the educating effect of local self-government upon the people. Bad administration, whether local or imperial, was bad education. It made people even more selfish, narrow-minded, despotic, and indifferent to the public good than they were before. On the contrary, good administration was the best of all educations; it raised the tone of thought and feeling among those who ruled and among those who were ruled. The association was not going to sweep away local self-government. The work it had taken in hand, and which, by God's help, it would carry through, was to make it, so far as it could be, perfect and pure.

Mr. J. C. Buckmaster moved the first resolution, as follows:—"That, in the opinion of this meeting, the present system of local government in the metropolis is highly inefficient and unsatisfactory, and requires immediate revision; the number of local bodies now participating in such government being unnecessarily large and occasioning a considerable amount of unnecessary expenditure."

Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P., in seconding the resolution, said he was glad when he was invited to join the association and when his bill was put into his hands. It was a bill he should be glad to see pressed forward in the House of Commons, because, whether one might agree with all its details or not, it was founded on a large and clear view of what was required, and it proposed a specific remedy. He had lately looked at this question as a representative of a large metropolitan constituency. Such a member fancied that he represented some entity; but he found when he went into his borough it was all chaos. He was born near a small market-town, which possessed a good Townhall, which would hold 1500 people; but Lambeth was destitute of a good room for a public meeting. He could give numerous other instances of deficiencies attributable to imperfect local government which had come up during his representation of the borough. There was, indeed, no corporate life in it; and he hoped ere long to see something like municipal life in all the metropolitan boroughs. Without that things would become worse and worse. In other large towns there were flourishing free libraries. A meeting was held the other night respecting one for Lambeth. The Free Libraries Act was consulted, and it was found that it required a corporation to put it in motion. The case was one for a radical reform. No one could doubt that there were too many governing bodies, and that, with proper organisation, three or four times the amount of work now done could be accomplished. An apt illustration of the cost of the present system was furnished in the following figures and facts, quoted from the association's address:—"Marylebone parish collects £194,036; Westminster city, £194,031; minus police and county rates—Marylebone, £38,167; Westminster, £78,814. The salaries and poundage are respectively—Marylebone, £7711; Westminster, £17,462. Marylebone parish is managed by one vestry, and its administrative expenses are under £8000 per annum; while the five boards of local management in Westminster cost nearly £20,000. These five boards employ twenty-one clerks and vestry clerks, six surveyors, four solicitors, nine officers of health, six inspectors of nuisances—all these officers being employed for the purpose of carrying out the provisions of the Metropolitan Local Management Act." At least it appeared that that much abused body, the Marylebone Vestry, managed to do their work with considerable economy. This huge city ought to be the best managed and the best lighted in the world, and the best supplied with water, instead of its being, in these respects, or some of them, perhaps the worst; and it was, therefore, the duty of every citizen to do what he could in the way of reform, and to save us from presenting to the world a spectacle of absurd incapacity in reference to matters requiring very ordinary skill in our organisation and self-government.

Sir Wm. Fraser supported the resolution. He said that the Government of London was inferior to that of almost every other town. No one could doubt the evidence of his senses as to the streets being badly paved and covered with mud, and the gas being bad in quality and insufficient in quantity. He would not burden their measure unnecessarily with details; and he did not see the slightest necessity for making this a party question.

In reply to numerous inquiries as to the exclusion of the City of London, Mr. Buckmaster said that to have attacked the City of London would have raised a storm of opposition that the association was not strong enough in its infancy to encounter; but they were not precluded from dealing with the City of London when it could be done.

The resolution was carried. Mr. J. Beal moved the second resolution:—"That any attempt to amend the existing system would be ineffectual, and that nothing less than the establishment of municipal institutions similar to those enjoyed by other cities and towns in the kingdom would secure a government calculated to command the confidence of the inhabitants."

Dr. Farr seconded the resolution, referring to some of the evils that resulted from the ill organisation of the metropolis. Diseases had decimated the population, and they arose from the neglect of regulations which a municipality alone could carry out. The object now was to constitute the Metropolitan Board of Works a great municipality, with ten or eleven municipalities affiliated to it.

The resolution was put and carried unanimously. Mr. W. Phillips moved the third resolution:—"That a deputation, consisting of vice-presidents of the association, with power to add to their number, be appointed to wait upon the Home Secretary to submit the foregoing resolutions, and to urge upon the Government the necessity of immediate legislation to carry out the suggestions therein contained."

This having been carried, a vote of thanks to the chairman terminated the proceedings.

THE BOYS' REFUGE.—The Chichester, a 50-gun frigate, has been handed over to the committee of the Boys' Refuge, Great Queen-street, as a training-ship, and on the 18th the ceremony of inaugurating the vessel, which is in one of Messrs. Green's docks at Blackwall, as a training-ship, will take place. The Earl of Shaftesbury, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, Sir John Pakington, M.P., and Sir Stafford Northcote, M.P., are expected to be present. It is believed that this will be the first training-ship established in the river Thames for homeless and destitute boys within the present century. The expense of completing the vessel and fitting it up for the boys is estimated at about £3000. Towards this sum nearly £2000 has been received. Fifty boys will be placed on board the ship on the 18th inst., and as funds are contributed the number will be increased to 200.

LEGAL "OPINIONS" ON RITUALISM.—Four eminent counsel, including Lord Justice Cairns, the late Attorney-General, and Mr. Mellish, were consulted some six months ago on behalf of several archbishops and bishops as to the legality of certain vestments, of incense, altar lights, and some other disputed points of ecclesiastical ritual. Of all these the four eminent counsel pronounced a sweeping condemnation. The English Church Union, who were disinclined to accept the conclusion thus obtained, have proceeded to arm themselves with the opinions of nine eminent counsel, including the present Chief Baron and Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the Queen's Advocate, Mr. Coleridge, and Mr. W. M. James. The nine counsel, with remarkable unanimity, reject that construction of the rubric which was adopted by the four counsel, and agree in holding that the use of the vestments mentioned in the first Prayer-book of Edward VI. is now lawful. As to altar-lights, water-bread, the mixed chalice, and the use of anthems, hymns, or intonations before and after the communion service, they are not agreed; Sir W. Bovill and Mr. Coleridge holding all these things unlawful, the rest allowing some, and differing among themselves as to others. Hymns during the communion service, and incense, are disallowed by all. Sir F. Kelly answers the first question only, being one upon which he had expressed his opinion in consultation before he was raised to the Bench.

### IMPROVED INDUSTRIAL DWELLINGS.

THE solution of the problem how to reconcile our great metropolitan improvements with the need of supplying dwellings to the ejected industrial classes is, probably, as worthy of a reward by the State as was the discovery of the longitude. In the midst of the din and turmoil of the last Session of Parliament, time was happily found for the passing of a measure which is intended, and is calculated, to promote efforts to meet a state of things very prominent in the social system of London, one which is much discussed, but not by any means more than its importance, and indeed than the necessity of the case, demands. If anyone interested in this question does not know, every one ought to know, that since 1863 a company instituted for the purpose of providing the industrial classes of London with healthy and comfortable homes at remunerative but moderate rents has been successfully at work; the only fault which any of those who have inquired into its operations have been able to find with it being that its capital was too small, and, consequently, its sphere too limited. As this "Improved Industrial Dwellings Company," of which Mr. Alderman Waterlow was the projector and is the chairman, is about to take a new point of departure by availing itself of the means of borrowing money under the new Act of Parliament, its position is one of renewed interest, and some review of its working may not be inopportune. With about £40,000 of its original capital of £50,000, the company has erected and completed blocks of dwellings, called respectively Tower-buildings (Brewhouse-lane, Wapping), capable of accommodating sixty families; Crownwell-buildings (Redcross-street, New Southwark-street), for twenty-four families; Cobden-buildings (King's-cross-road, Bagnidge-wells), for twenty families; Stanley-buildings (Old St. Pancras-road, King's-cross), for 104 families; and Palmerston-buildings (City Garden-row, City-road), 280 families.

Apart from its greater size, this last block is noticeable as marking the gradual culmination of the system adopted; for though all the buildings are constructed on the same generic plan—that is, each tenement is perfectly independent and complete in itself, consisting of two or three well-ventilated rooms, with separate scullery, closets, water supply, &c.—there is a touch of architectural pretension of a certain character about Palmerston-buildings beyond which it is not probable that the contractors will go in the planning of their future buildings. Standing in a narrow street leading out of the City-road, this block presents a remarkable contrast to the houses inhabited by persons of the same class as that which has found a home there, although the tenements "opposite" are by no means of the most sordid character to be found. The buildings, divided as they are into three blocks, side by side, form really a handsome and even graceful façade, a series of airy balconies on each story of the two centre sections giving to the whole the appearance of a range of watering-place houses, rather than that of a single structure. Two winding staircases—kept scrupulously clean by the observance of a wholesome internal arrangement—lead to each floor, and finally you are landed on a spacious flat roof, which serves by day for a drying-place for clothes, and in the evening is a place of resort for the inhabitants, and affords to fathers of families quite as good—nay better—accommodation for the enjoyment of air and the nicotian weed than most of the so-called tea-gardens which stud the neighbouring City-road. The larger lettings in this particular block consist of three rooms and a wash-house, with appliances for clearing off domestic superfluities, which would gladden the heart of many a housewife in houses at £50 a year. Each room is sufficiently lofty, all being 8ft. high; and a system of ventilation is adopted by which the renewal of the air is not effected by gusts and starts, but is, as it ought to be, insensible. The occupants of the tenements, so far as ordinary observation enables one to judge, are fully impressed with the advantages they enjoy, and prove it in the truest method, by the neatness of their arrangements and a due observance of cleanliness. The smaller lettings comprise only two rooms, with a washhouse, &c., but all the appurtenances and appliances are identical with those of the chambers at higher rents.

With such palpable evidences of success in an undertaking which is, in design and in fact, philanthropic, the intentions of the company to enlarge its sphere of usefulness are worthy of all encouragement. In the first place, it is proposed to increase the capital of the company by the further issue of £200,000 in £25 shares, making the total capital £250,000, and also to take advantage of the Act of last Session by borrowing such money as they may require. Immediate steps will be taken to build additional tenements, which will afford accommodation to about 500 families, at an outlay of £100 per tenement. To this end the company have obtained tracts of land in Westminster-road and Gray's-inn-road, on which they propose to erect further buildings on the plan which has been found to answer so completely—the intended purpose of giving comfortable, distinct dwelling-places to a body of persons who are profitable tenants, as well as obliges, to the corporate owners of the property. For it is to be understood that the agency of the Improved Industrial Dwellings Company has another phase besides philanthropy. It is essentially a business concern; a company which pays dividends of 6 per cent, and which, by the increase of its capital and its acceptance of a Government loan at 4 per cent, will eventually pay 12 per cent. The explanation is this: While borrowing of the Government at 4 per cent, a profit of £5 is, per cent, being nearly 1 per cent less than the estimated annual profit, will be sufficient to repay both principal and interest of the loan; and at the expiration of forty years, during which the loan is current, the unencumbered reversion to the buildings by the investment of the borrowed money will double the value of the company's estate, without taking into account the progressive increase in the value of landed property in the metropolis. We hear a good deal of the abundance of capital just now which is waiting for investment, and possibly, after recent experience of nominal 20 per cent profits, a sound return of 6 per cent may not appear preposterously small; then, too, there is the prospective 12 per cent, and, besides the pleasant reflection that when one is getting a good income for one's money, one is directly doing something towards perhaps the most purely philanthropic design that can be conceived—that of giving healthy, comfortable homes to the practically houseless.

THE REV. MR. MARTINEAU AND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.—A requisition, signed by fourteen "Fellows" of University College, London, including men of all faiths, and six other proprietors, including two members of the House of Commons and one ex-member, was laid before the council of the college on Saturday, asking, in conformity with the thirteenth section of the second division of the by-laws, for the summons of a special Court of Proprietors, "to consider a recent resolution of the council declining to appoint the Rev. James Martineau to the professorship of Philosophy of the Mind and Logic, after a report of the Senate that he was the best qualified candidate for the chair."

### THE CACIQUE OF PATAGONIA AND HIS DAUGHTER.

WE have already published accounts of the war in Paraguay; and now that the conflict has, for the present at least, been decided, and negotiations are pending, if they are not already concluded, for the suspension of hostilities, some other States besides those of Paraguay, Uruguay, and the provinces of the Oriental Republic, are coming into greater prominence. Amongst these is Patagonia, to the possession of which Chili has many pretensions, while the Argentine Republic declares that the southern part of America is the natural limit of her territory. Chili is, therefore, making every effort to maintain amicable relations with the most influential chiefs of the extreme south, and one of these personages is Bigua, the Cacique or chief of the tribe of the Tuelches, who has received a deputation of Chilean missionaries sent to propose that he should accept the protection of their Government. Chili, however, has already endeavoured to take possession of many points of the Strait of Magellan, and Bigua not unnaturally dislikes this enforced proximity, since he wishes to remain independent, and so to be able to organise and civilise his own country, with the option of seeking other aid if he should find it necessary. He has therefore declined the proposition of the Chilean priests, and has en-



tered into relations with the Argentine Government. In July he proceeded to Buenos Ayres, accompanied by his daughter, and there signed a treaty by which he acknowledged himself to be an Argentine citizen.

Bigua is a man of considerable intelligence, and cultivates advanced ideas, since he contemplates nothing less than building a town, founding a mercantile port, and opening a trade with Europe. He has chosen the Bay of St. Ambroise, on the strait, as the site of his future Carthage. The Cacique was brought up and educated by a French emigrant, named Fourmentin, who afterwards became a Colonel in the service of the Argentine Confederation. His tribe, which occupies the southwestern extremity of Patagonia, between the Atlantic and the strait, is amongst those gigantic people who were so long believed in as monsters, the existence of whom was afterwards doubted, only to be again received, in a modified way, by later explorers. It is only quite recently that the inhabitants either of Eastern or Western Patagonia have been much above the condition of savages. The eastern part of the territory consists of a succession of shingly horizontal plains, called "pampas," rising to higher and higher levels, and separated by long lines of cliffs or escarpments, the ascent being about 3000 ft. above the sea level at the foot of the Andes. The Patagonian plains are dreary and sterile, and, though here and there intersected by streams, the latter fail to fertilise the blighted soil. They are strewn throughout their length with huge boulders. The plains, which extend along the coast for hundreds of miles, are tertiary strata, in one great deposit, above which lies a thick stratum of white pumaceous substance extending at least 500 miles, a tenth part of which consists of marine infusoria. Over the whole lies the shingle, spread over the coast for 700 miles in length, with a mean breadth of 200 miles and 50 ft. thick. These myriads of pebbles, chiefly of porphyry, have been torn from the rocks of the Andes, and water-worn at a period subsequent to the deposition of the tertiary strata. Western Patagonia, totally unlike the eastern portion, is a mountainous region—the mountains half sunk in ocean, barren to seaward, and impenetrably wooded inland. There the climate is so terrible as to render the vast tracts almost uninhabitable. Clouds, wind, and rain are continual, and the drenched land is never dried up by evaporation before fresh showers fall. It is little wonder, then, that neither

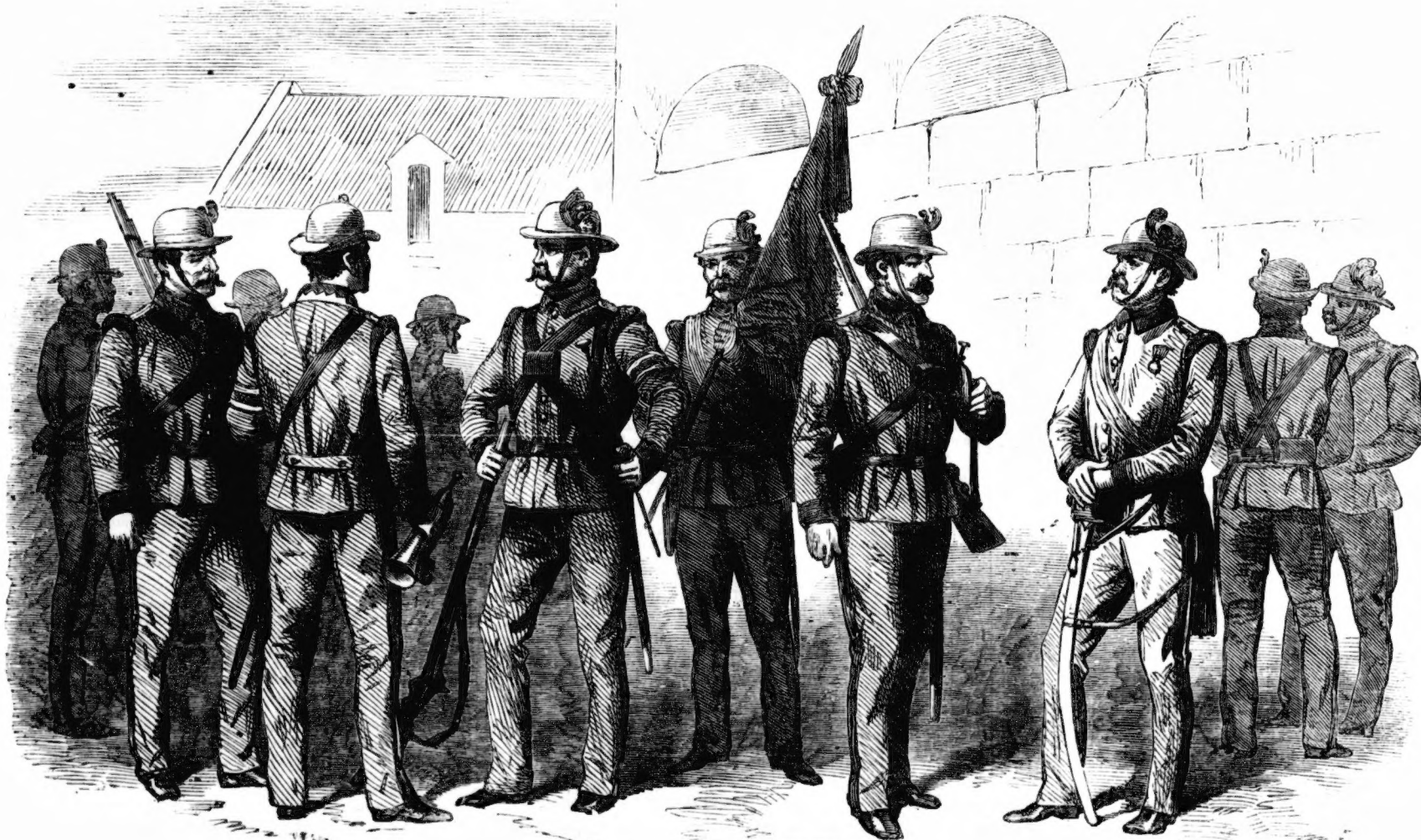


THE PATAGONIAN CHIEF BIGUA AND HIS DAUGHTER.

of these vast regions has been cultivated, the inhabitants living on horseback and subsisting by the chase of the wild cattle of the pampas. It is only in the districts represented by Bigua that a regular settlement can be founded with success, and his people are perhaps the most favourable examples of the native Patagonians. The chief himself is 7 ft. high, and his daughter, aged about seventeen, is taller than he is, while he declares that he is one of the smallest of the Thuelches, and refers his short stature to the influence of his early education and the years he passed amongst civilised people. Our Engraving represents the undersized Cacique and his well-grown daughter. On the occasion of the signature of the treaty his Highness was muffled up in a Colonel's uniform, but the lady did not give way to the temptation of crinoline, and her vast proportions were not disfigured by the modern costume of so-called civilisation.

#### TYROLESE SHARP-SHOOTERS.

Of all the nations of Europe, Austria, perhaps, stood most in need of having her army reorganised, for the simple reason, that her system, which was supposed to be one of the most perfect in existence, broke down most grossly when put to the test. Austria, accordingly, has been reorganising her army, like other nations. Whether she will be able to get rid of the canker which has eaten into the core of her strength remains to be seen. The main defect of the Austrian military system was the want of loyalty in the nations whence the troops were drawn and the lack of sympathy between officers and men. To cure these evils ought to be the object aimed at by Austrian army reformers. The empire is now shorn of some of the sources from which conscripts were drawn. Austria no longer possesses Venetia; Hungary is far from loyal in her cause; her German provinces have ceased to give her weight, as they used to do. To obtain a good army, therefore, she must first make loyal peoples. Especially ought she to conciliate Hungary, and labour to strengthen that chivalrous loyalty in the Tyrol which has stood her in good stead before, and may do so again. Better troops than the brave-hearted and keen-eyed Tyrolese no nation ever possessed. If Austrian statesmen be wise, they will leave no means untried to retain for their Imperial master the affection and secure for him the services of such men as those Tyrolese sharpshooters shown in our Engraving.



TYROLESE SHARPSHOOTERS IN THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.



## MR. ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

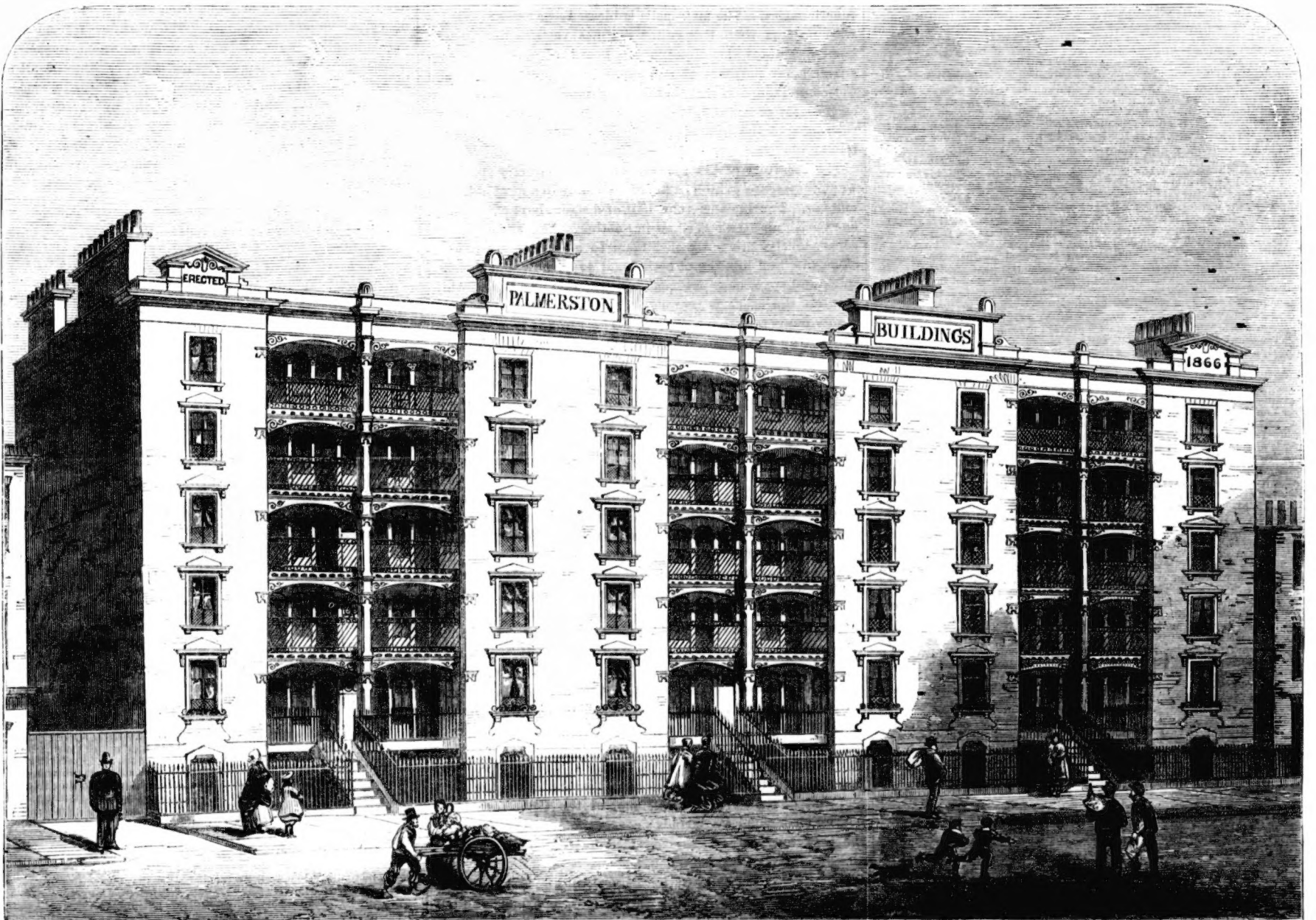
ALTHOUGH nothing can well be more personal than publishing a man's likeness, we do not know that we are either bound, or entitled, or qualified to go farther in the direction of what is usually considered "personal" in speaking of Mr. Swinburne. We have understood that he comes of a very good old English family, and that there is an Admiral in his pedigree; but the last item may not be true, and is of no consequence. We believe, however, he is about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age; and we are certain that he has travelled; that he has sat at the feet of Landor; and that he is a man of the most finished literary culture, writing Greek and fabliaux-French as large as life and twice as natural. His quotations are never to be taken for granted, for he is a man who invents his own library, and could make April fools of half the critics in Europe. His published poems are "Atalanta in Calydon," "The Queen Mother and Rosamond," "Chastelard," and "Poems and Ballads." Of neither of Mr. Swinburne's earlier works shall we say anything (except incidentally), our chief present business being with his last volume, "Poems and Ballads," first published by Moxon; withdrawn by that publisher because the reviewers condemned it, for reasons which are known all over Europe and America, and now republished by Mr. Hotten. This reissue has been accompanied by a pamphlet written by Mr. Swinburne himself, and a careful critique by Mr. W. M. Rossetti; With the latter we almost entirely agree. But it would have been better, for many reasons, if Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Rossetti had, both of them, left Mr. Robert Buchanan alone—even though he should have given them some provocation (about which we know nothing); for, as our contemporary the *Spectator* has well said, though Mr. Buchanan is inferior to Mr. Swinburne in melodic power (and, necessarily, in literary culture), he is his superior in breadth and range of poetic sympathy. Of Mr. Swinburne's own pamphlet we will simply say two or three things. First, we can well excuse its invective, because some of the things which have been written about him are a disgrace not only to literature but to common humanity, and far more indecent than "Anactoria." Secondly, we agree with him in thinking that recent poetry has greatly overwrought the idyllic and domestic veins. Like Mr. Swinburne, we have long been weary of the whole business, and could welcome even a hurricane, so languid and still do we find the air of poetry. Thirdly, we agree with Mr. Swinburne that Art of all kinds is entitled, unrebuked, to use whatever material she can make good work of. But, though the poet is not a moralist or preacher—and,



ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE, ESQ.

indeed, must not preach or moralise—he must not suggest in his poems anything which compels us to turn to the preacher or moralist and ask if such and such things are right. Again, it is quite true that there is a dramatic sequence in the group of poems of which "Anactoria" and "Dolores" are the bogies, and we had discovered it without the help of Mr. Swinburne's pamphlet; but, though a dramatist must not take sides, he must not equivocate. Now, "Dolores" is a sensual conundrum. Mr. Swinburne compels us to ask which is the lion and which is the bear; and then he has no answer to give but "Whichever you please, my little dear. You pay your money, and you take your choice." We have no quarrel with the poetry of young blood so long as it is not a conundrum. If a man can sing about a dish of strawberries and cream so as to renew our delight in them, he is welcome; but he mustn't do it so as to make us wonder whether strawberries are not so nice that it may be worth while to steal them, or to eat nothing else. In a word, though the poet may surprise the nymph on the river-bank, he mustn't give a voice in song to any greed of sense. Does he ask why? We will answer his question by another. Why is smacking the lips at table an indecent thing? Surely, because it is the index of that conscious rapacious degree of appetite behind which lurk selfishness and the possibility of cruelty.

Mr. Swinburne is quite correct in saying that English poetry contains some highly sensuous and "daring" passages. He only instances one in Shelley: we will give him another—the Laon and Cythna scene in the ruin. But let Mr. Swinburne notice the effect of the accessories in those verses—the night, the meteor, the openness to the heavens and the winds. We could greatly extend the list of such passages. Mr. Swinburne will find a very bold scene, "*fianchi*" and all (see Leigh Hunt's *Indicator* on the fitness of the English equivalent for poetic use), in Mr. Kingsley's "Saint's Tragedy." Then there is a poem by R. Greene (?), not about the "mystical rose of ancient fancy," but about the *story*, which is well known. Then there are very flesh-coloured scenes in Browne's "Britannia's Pastorals"—three of them; and Shakspeare's "Venus and Adonis," and "Pericles," and "Troilus and Cressida," and some of the fragments. But in all these cases we have either (1) the scene laid under the open skies, which, in our climate, removes it to the sphere of pure imagination, or (2) a play of humour which leaves you little chance of being occupied with much beside the fun. But does "Dolores" do "chambers unseen of the sun" (we quote from memory), suggest the open skies? Does "Love and Sleep"?



THE PALMERSTON BUILDINGS, CITY-GARDENS, CITY-ROAD.



Not a bit; it suggests the boudoir, and Mr. Rimmel, and the fifth elegy in Ovid's first book:—

Aestus erat, mediamque dies exegerat horam.

Again, though there is much bold, plain description in Greene, in Browne, in Shakspeare, there is no smacking of the lips in the person of the singer. It is the delight of the Other which is kept prominently before the mind. Let Mr. Swinburne try and note the difference between a poet composing a poem describing the pleasure he once had in eating a plate of strawberries or smelling a rose and a poem describing somebody else happily engaged in doing either.

To make an end of this topic, we are of opinion that Mr. Swinburne should not have printed "Dolores," "Anactoria," or "Les Noyades." Of the three, however, "Les Noyades" offends us the most; "Anactoria" the least.

We have little space for general criticism. One thing is certain. Mr. Swinburne is absolutely the greatest master of poetic melody that we have, or, perhaps, ever had; and though his range, thus far, appears limited, he is the only man living who produces poetry pure and simple—mere song, unadulterated by reflection of any kind. We do not agree with Mr. Rossetti, however, that this astonishing melodist is never to be challenged for his lines. Without having one of his volumes before us (we are writing at a distance from books), we will point out a few cases where Mr. Swinburne is, we maintain, wrong in his versification. For example—

Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot  
is bad. So is

Fair flower-like stars on the iron foam of flight.

There are verses which are very near doggerel in the dedication of the "Poems and Ballads"—which is much too long; and Mr. Swinburne ought not to condescend to such jingle as "sunlight" and "one light." [Oh, oh! and hisses, with one cry of "Bravo!" from Miss Gushington.] "Dolores," again, is too long, and contains one shocking bad verse—the "oyster" one. The mere fact that it required a foot-note ought to have warned Mr. Swinburne to strike it out. Then, again, that couplet,

The lilies and languors of virtue  
For the raptures and roses of vice,

is one which pleases you the first time you read it, but disgusts you the twentieth. It is too "pretty"—it is Tom Moore-ish. It is tambourine-and-triangle verse. Once more: in the magnificent "Hymn to Proserpine," "The laurel, the palms, and the pæan," would be better without the "palms." And that is all we can remember, without having the books before us.

The essential peculiarity or controlling instinct of Mr. Swinburne's verse, considered as music, we have not space to exhibit here. Probably, he doesn't know it himself; and Mr. Rossetti, if he has found it out, has not referred to it.

One word on the general question of the literary policy which should be adopted by a man who wishes to rehabilitate that "belief in the human body" which Mr. Swinburne, with just indignation, says the Reading Public (as Coleridge used, contemptuously, to say) have lost. The citadel of opinion will not be taken by storm. If the Irishman was astonished to see—

Statues gracing  
This noble place in,  
Great haythen goddesses and gods so fair,  
Bould Neptune, Plutarch,  
And Nicodamus,  
All standing naked in the open air,

he would have been worse than astonished to find them all crowded together in a corner of the drawing-room. The line must be drawn somewhere. Mr. Swinburne would himself draw it so as to exclude, say, Hypatia's answer to her unfortunate young man. The English public draws it a long way before you come to "Les Noyades," or "Anactoria," or "Dolores." But it will not only take the "Hymn to Proserpine" and "Dorothea;" it would, we believe, take "Love and Sleep," and the "mystical rose" poem, too, if it had had another title. It is well for Mr. Swinburne to have the courage of his convictions; but, as we can't make a martyr of him, we should like him to cultivate a wise reticence of conviction—which is also a power in a day of crowds and reading publics.

**THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.**—The longest message yet transmitted through the Atlantic telegraph was a despatch from the United States' Government at Washington to the American Minister at Paris. It was sent through in the early part of last week, and consisted of more than 4000 words. It occupied ten hours in transmission, and was sent at the average rate of seven words per minute. The cost of the message was over £2000. The message, if printed, would occupy about three columns of a daily paper.

**A MUSEUM FOR BETHNAL-GREEN.**—From time to time efforts had been made to obtain a museum of science and art for the east end of London, but without success. A year ago three gentlemen—Mr. Antonio Brady, of Stratford; the Rev. Septimus Hansard, Rector of Bethnal-green; and Dr. Millard, Bethnal House, took the matter in hand, and, in order to ensure success, have quietly worked at the scheme. They have now succeeded in obtaining the consent of the trustees of certain poor lands in Bethnal-green to sell them a portion for the site of a museum, on the conditions that the land be used for no other purpose and that the income at present derived from the land be still paid to the poor. The Government has consented to propose in the coming Session a vote of £20,000 for the museum, as it will afford an opportunity of exhibiting to the public in the most useful manner many of the now hidden treasures of the national collections. If the scheme be carried out, which will be done as soon as the purchase of the land can be effected, and if no valid objection can be raised against the proposed scheme, the three gentlemen above named have become responsible for the purchase money, and it is hoped that those who are interested in the education and welfare of the mechanics and artisans of the east of London will come forward and guarantee these gentlemen against any personal loss.

**COMMUNICATION BETWEEN PASSENGER AND GUARD ON RAILWAYS.**—Another attempt has been made to provide a means of communication between guards and passengers in railway carriages. Mr. Spagnoletti, the telegraph superintendent on the Great Western line, has invented an electrical apparatus, which was tested on Monday. Two carriages were attached to the five p.m. train from the Paddington terminus for experimental purposes. A compartment of one carriage was occupied by Sir D. Gooch, Captain Bulkeley, Major-General the Hon. A. N. Hood, Lady Barrington, Miss Van de Weyer, the daughter of the Belgian Minister, and others; and Mr. Spagnoletti sat in the other carriage, to which the apparatus had been fixed. In the passengers' carriage the means of communication with the guards and drivers consists, in each compartment, of a handle secured by a pin. To call the guard's attention the pin is removed and the handle pulled, which slides a metal rod or pulls a wire contained in the curtain-rod, or it may be put between the lining and the roof. This releases an iron shield, or arm, at the end of the carriage by withdrawing a bolt. On the falling of this shield or arm into sight, all the electrical bells are rung. The handle, when turned, is secured in that position, and can only be replaced by the guard, who is provided with a key for that purpose. On looking out, the guard sees, by the fallen shield, or arm, from which carriage the alarm is given, and signals, by means of flags or lamps, to the driver, who is on the alert by the ringing of his bell. Another plan of giving the alarm consists of a handle in each compartment similar to that described; and when this handle is turned it is secured in that position, rings the bells, turns a metal disc outside the carriage (which can only be replaced by the guard), and marks the compartment from which the alarm is given. The connections between the carriages consist of two iron links, which take the place of the present coupling-chains, and likewise form the electrical connection, thus avoiding any extra duties to the porters; and should these not be properly coupled up the bells ring; or, in place of the above, an electrical cable, with hook and eye attached. At night the falling of the arm ignites a blue light, and thus shows the carriage from which the alarm is given, and illuminates the train for ten minutes brilliantly, so that the train can be examined. These can be used in fog also. Or, if the disc is used, the fuse or blue light is ignited by friction, so that the turning of the handle lights the blue light. When the train is formed and started, any number of carriages, horse-boxes, or carriage-trucks can be added in any part of the train during its journey and be in electrical connection with it. Any number of slip-coaches can be put on, and electrically connected, and taken off without affecting the remaining portion of the train. If any additional carriages are added to the train and be not properly connected up, the bells ring and give notice of the omission. Should a train break away, the bells also ring. So soon as the train has passed through Langley station Mr. Spagnoletti pulled the handle in his compartment, and immediately the blue light appeared outside the carriage, and so illuminated the train as to attract the attention of all the passengers. At the same instant the bell in the guard's van rang distinctly. The light was still burning when the train ran into Slough station. When the train had started again Miss Van de Weyer pulled the handle in the other compartment, and the same success attended this second experiment, and the brilliant blue light continued until Windsor was reached.

## THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER AND SUPPLEMENT OF THE

### ILLUSTRATED TIMES

will be issued on SATURDAY NEXT, Dec. 22, Price Fourpence-Halfpenny, or free by post 6 stamps, and will contain the following, among other

#### ENGRAVINGS:—

Private Theatricals. Drawn by M. Morgan.  
The Exile's Return. Drawn by A. Slader.  
Christmas at the North Pole. Drawn by C. James.  
The Ambuscade. Drawn by C. Robinson.  
Christmas on Board a Merchant Ship. Drawn by H. D. Friston.  
The Convalescent. After a Sketch by A. Slader.  
The Christmas Song. Drawn by H. D. Friston.  
Christmas Eve at the Old Bailey.  
A Block on the Line.

The Number will also contain the following

#### TALES AND POEMS:—

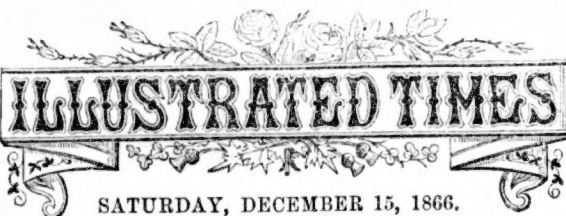
The Story of Peter Grewel and the Holly Goblin. By James Greenwood.  
Dorothea. By W. B. Rands.  
Christmas on a Roof. By Tom Hood.  
Lost Since Last Christmas. By Sheldon Chadwick.  
A Story Spoiled in the Telling. By T. Archer.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1866.

#### GOVERNMENT OF THE METROPOLIS.

If a multiplicity of rulers means a multiplicity of masters, then the British metropolis is very grievously overmastered, and yet exceedingly ill-ruled. London—using the word in its big sense—is, in fact, much in the position of the frog under the harrow. This enormous agglomeration of mankind—this huge human warren—which we are in the habit of calling London, is divided and subdivided for a variety of purposes, and is furnished with officers to perform a great diversity of duties. But in few instances are the boundaries or the officers identical; and nowhere is harmony of action, or co-operation for a common purpose, visible. For drainage, for lighting, for paving, for cleansing, for poor relief, for police purposes, we have different divisions and different functionaries. The metropolis is blessed—or rather cursed—with no less than thirty-nine distinct vestries and district boards, besides the Metropolitan Board of Works, all constituted for purposes of municipal local management; and the consequence is that there is no community of action, but each vestry or board fights away "for its own hand," without reference to the interests, the convenience, or the wishes of its neighbours.

The absurdity of this system—or, more correctly speaking, want of system—exhibits itself occasionally in a most ludicrous manner. For instance, one half of a street happens to be in one parish and the other half in another. The same parties, consequently, are not called upon to attend to the paving, cleansing, and lighting of both; and so we now and then see spick-and-span new pavement on one side of a street, while that on the other is thoroughly worn out, full of holes, and highly dangerous to locomotion. The same is true in regard to lighting and cleansing. One portion of a thoroughfare is fairly provided with gaslamps, while in others they are as few and far between as angels' visits; one division is swept and partially free of filth, while another is a literal sea of mud and other abominations. We must confess, however, that really clean streets—or portions of streets—are great rarities in all quarters of the city. The comparison is not so much between clean streets and dirty streets, as between dirty streets and dirtier. Contractors for paving and cleansing seem to be great sticklers upon questions of frontier. They will pave or they will sweep up to within an inch of the boundary line of their respective parish or district; but they will never go beyond it, and so their neighbours' mud or imperfections in roadway recoil upon them, and render half their work nugatory.

So is it also in respect to the regulation of street traffic and the protection of person and property by the police. Divided authority here likewise neutralises efficiency. No uniform system of controlling the traffic in the streets can be instituted, because no one functionary or set of functionaries has the power to compel obedience to the rules framed. Hence the confusion worse confounded that reigns in our public thoroughfares. So, again, as regards the police. Sir Richard Mayne's authority does not extend into the City, and that of the Chief Commissioner of the Civic force does not reach beyond its bounds; consequently, depredators in the City may escape into the metropolitan districts, and vice versa, and thus put the police of both to defiance. Of course a system of co-operation may be, and is, arranged; but that is a clumsy and ineffective expedient, and many failures of justice occur in consequence.

This state of divided jurisdiction is not only inefficient, it is exceedingly expensive, and the expense is provokingly unequal. Each vestry or district board has its own army of officials, both for collecting and expending the rates; and, as might readily be surmised, where boards most do abound expense is greatest and efficiency least. This is well illustrated in the cases of Westminster and Marylebone, which are sufficiently on a par, in respect of extent and population, to furnish at once a convenient comparison and a striking contrast. Westminster has many boards, and the local government of that city costs nearly £79,000 per annum, exclusive of police and county rates. Marylebone, happily, has few governing bodies, and her expenditure, exclusive also of police and county rates, is only a little more than £38,000. It thus appears that the poor frogs of Westminster suffer severely under their many masters, while Marylebone has reason to rejoice that the tines of its municipal harrow are so few. But even Marylebone is overmastered, overtaxed, and badly governed. In short, the metropolis, as a whole, is at once the most expensively and the worst governed city not only in the kingdom but in Europe. Things are admittedly better managed in other places than in London, where, *prima facie*, we should naturally expect them to be best regulated of all. And the reason is not difficult to find. We have too many authorities everywhere, and too little authority anywhere.

To rectify this state of affairs, concentration of power, harmony of action, and community of funds are necessary; and we are glad that an association has been formed for the purpose of securing these important desiderata. It is proposed to abolish the existing divisions of the metropolis, with their several vestries and district boards; to form new and larger divisions—say, the same as those of the Parliamentary boroughs; to institute a municipality in each; the whole to be under the authority and control of the Metropolitan Board of Works, which shall have power to draw up comprehensive plans for the drainage, paving, lighting, cleansing, and so forth of the whole metropolis, and to enforce their adoption by all the municipalities under its control. Unity of action and uniformity of taxation would thus be secured. Matters would be better managed, and much needless expense would be saved. The board over which Sir John Thwaites presides may not be, theoretically, the best conceivable; but it is the best that exists, and has hitherto done its work well. It is therefore the most worthy of confidence and the most likely to command obedience from other bodies. Hence the wisdom of placing it at the head of the proposed new municipal organisation of London. To the reform advocated by the association which held its first public meeting on Tuesday evening—the proceedings of which will be found reported in another column—there will, no doubt, be strenuous opposition. Some men will doubtless oppose it from misapprehension of its scope and aim; some from honest though mistaken fears of centralisation; but most from personal motives. All who derive either dignity or profit from the present system will of course object to change. The work of reform in the government of the metropolis may be retarded by all these several classes of opponents. But the opposition of all must be overcome: of some by explanation; of others by reasoning and persuasion; and of others, again, by force of public opinion. Reasonable objections may be combated or compromised; selfish opposition must be put aside. This great reform is needed; and, at whatever expenditure of perseverance and agitation, it must be accomplished.

**GENERAL PEEL AND THE ARMY.**—Hitherto a married soldier, whether a non-commissioned officer or a private, has, when on detached duty, had the burden thrown upon him of maintaining his wife and family in the garrison which he has temporarily left. By a recent order of the War Office this is no longer to be the case. The wife and family are to be allowed rations out of the Government stores; or, if preferred, the wife is to receive 3d., and each of the children 1½d., per day instead.

**THE LATE GALES.**—During the gales of last week the life-boats of the National Life-boat Institution were instrumental in rendering good service to shipwrecked crews on our coasts. The Fleetwood life-boat of the institution was happily the means, during fearful weather, of bringing ashore the master, twelve hands, and a Liverpool pilot from the Norwegian barque Niga, which was in a dismasted state off the Danger Patch. The society's Ormes Head life-boat rescued the crew of two men of the smack Cymro, of Amwlch. The Holyhead life-boat, belonging to the society, put off during very heavy weather in reply to signals of distress, and rendered good assistance to the ship Himalaya, bound from Liverpool to Calcutta, which was in a dangerous position in the bay. With the assistance of steam-tugs, the vessel and her crew were brought safely into harbour. The institution's Whitburn life-boat rescued the crew of twelve men of the barque Margaret and Jane, of Shields, which went on the rocks at Whitburn and became a total wreck in a very short time. The same life-boat also went off on the following night and saved the crew of thirteen men of the wrecked barque Caroline Elizabeth, of London. The life-boat of the society at Porthleven (Cornwall) was launched to the assistance of the barque Salmi, which was seen in a very dangerous position near the land during stormy weather and in a very heavy sea. It appeared that the master had lost his reckoning, as the weather had been thick for some days previously. At his request some of the crew of the life-boat remained on board the vessel and took her safely into Falmouth Harbour.

**"SHUNTING" THE BAILIFF.**—The following is told in connection with a recent seizure for debt of a railway train near Shrewsbury. The ordinary traffic of the line was, after the enforcement of the writ, permitted to be continued, with the proviso that a bailiff should accompany each train. This condition was naturally very galling to the officials of the railway company, but they, nevertheless, treated the representative of the civil law with marked politeness. On the night of his first becoming a constant passenger by the line he rode in a first class carriage to Llanymynech, and on the return journey the attentive guard conducted him to a similar compartment, which was devoted to his sole occupation. On arriving at Kinnerly the bailiff became conscious of the progress of an elaborate process of shunting, followed by an entire stoppage of the train. After sitting patiently for some minutes, it occurred to him to put his head out of the window and inquire the reason for the delay; and in carrying out the idea he discovered that the train of which his carriage had lately formed a part was vanishing from sight round a distant curve in the line. He lost no time in getting out and making his way into the station, which he found locked up, according to custom, after the passage through of the last down-train. Kinnerly is a small roadside station about twelve miles from Shrewsbury, and offers no accommodation for chance guests; and, had it been otherwise, it was, of course, the first duty of the bailiff to look after the train, of which he was at that moment supposed to be "in possession." There being no alternative, he started on foot for Shrewsbury, where he arrived shortly after midnight, having accomplished a perilous passage along the line. It appeared, on inquiry, that in the course of the shunting the coupling-chain which connected the tail-coach with the body of the train had by some means become unlinked, hence the accident. The bailiff accepted the explanation, but on subsequent journeys has carefully avoided the tail carriage.



## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA has bestowed the order of the Black Eagle upon the King and Crown Prince of Denmark.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN, accompanied by the King Consort, left Madrid, on Saturday, on the long-projeeted visit to the King and Queen of Portugal. Their Majesties reached Lisbon on Wednesday, and were received at the station by the King and Queen of Portugal, and escorted to the palace at Belem.

THE AUSTRIAN EMPEROR has expressed his desire that no further proceedings be taken against Field Marshal Benedek and other Generals, as to whose conduct during the recent war the supreme military tribunal recommended that an inquiry should be made.

PRINCE HENRY, second son of the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, and grandson of the Queen, has arrived on a visit to her Majesty, and will remain in England with the Queen for the winter.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE intends, it is rumoured, to hold two retrospective exhibitions of her own during the next year: one in Trianon, the other at Malmesbury. At Trianon all the furniture and things that have any reference to Marie Antoinette are to be brought together; at Malmesbury, those referring to Josephine and Hortense.

THE ACCOUCHMENT OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES is expected to take place in January next.

A MARRIAGE is arranged to take place between the Hon. Victor Montagu, second son of the Earl of Sandwich, and Lady Agnetta Yorke, the youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke.

MR. ROBERT BROWNING has, it is stated, a new poem in the press: a poem of enormous length, founded on a mediæval Roman story.

THE MUNICIPALITY OF ANTWERP has ordered, on sanitary grounds, every house in the town to be painted inside and out at least once a year.

"DUNDREARY IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS" has been written by Mr. Burnand for Mr. Sotherton, and is to be produced this week in Liverpool.

THE REFORM LEAGUE has decided to hold its next "great demonstration" in London, on the Monday after the opening of Parliament.

DR. SELWYN, the Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, has so far recovered from the effects of his late accident as to be able to announce his intention to resume his interrupted lectures in the ensuing Lent Term.

HER MAJESTY'S SHIP BERNICE has been destroyed by fire in the Persian Gulf. The crew were saved.

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES this week to Sir E. Kerrison, at Oakley Park, appears to have excited the loyal sentiments of the good liegemen of Suffolk to no ordinary degree. The reception of their Royal Highnesses has been of the most enthusiastic description.

A TREATY OF COMMERCE, which is to take immediate effect, has been concluded between the French and Austrian Governments.

THE GIRLS WORKING IN THE MILLS OF LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS, the largest manufacturing city in the United States, have all resolved to wear the Bloomer costume, as more suitable to their work.

DR. HORACE JEFFERSON, the eminent physician and writer upon fever epidemics, has fallen a victim to his benevolent labours, having died a few days ago from fever caught in the discharge of his professional duties.

ORDERS have been issued to fit out the Royal Alfred, ironclad, as a flag-ship to Sir Rodney Mundy, to replace the Duncan, which is coming home with Sir James Hope. The Royal Alfred carries a very heavy armament. [So public remonstrances have for once had some effect at the Admiralty.]

COUNTESS FORTESCUE has died in childbirth. The deceased lady was eldest daughter of the late Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel George Lionel Dawson-Damer; she was married in 1847 to the third Earl Fortescue, who, as Viscount Blandford, represented the borough of Marylebone in Parliament from 1854 to 1859.

A BRASS COIN of the Roman Emperor Antoninus Pius has been found at a place called Tegg Down, at Winchester, near the remains of the Roman road in that city.

A DENSELY-CROWDED MEETING OF COLLIERIES was held, a few days ago, at Staveley, in Derbyshire, to support a non-unionist organisation.

THE MANAGEMENT of the "Variétés Theatre" (late the Prince of Wales's), at Liverpool, will henceforth be undertaken by Mr. William Brough, the well-known burlesque writer, who will produce a new extravaganza of his own writing.

THE LARGE ESTATES in the county of Schmalkalden, in Hesse, of which the King of Prussia has lately made a present to the Duke of Coburg-Gotha, in acknowledgement of his friendly policy, are estimated at £337,000. The yearly revenue arising from them is £21,750.

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT has commenced legal proceedings against M. Arman, deputy in the Corps Législatif; M. Voruz, formerly president of the Chamber of Commerce at Nantes; and other persons who furnished ships and war material from France to the Confederates in the late civil war.

A COMMISSION has been appointed, of which the Crown Prince of Prussia is president, to inquire into the results of the experience of the late war, as far as the clothing and equipment of the troops are concerned, and to determine what changes in these respects may be advantageously introduced in the Prussian army.

CHIEF JUSTICE BOVILL had a narrow escape from serious injury on Monday morning. His Lordship had ridden to the Woking station to meet an early train for London. His horse took fright, and, rushing among some trucks, threw his Lordship. Sir William was much shaken, but took his seat in the train and came up to town.

A LADY NAMED DIMOND, residing in her own house, in the fashionable part of Southampton, has given the house and its furniture to the committee of the Royal South Hants Infirmary for the benefit of that institution, and has gone to reside in lodgings. The furniture has been sold by auction and fetched £500, and the house has been let for nearly £100 a year.

JOHN SELLERS, a miner, appeared at the altar of Wath Church, Stafford, with his intended bride. After much persuasion, John answered the first question by saying "I will," but afterwards maintained a dead silence, and, notwithstanding the entreaties of minister and friends, would not answer another word. At length he hastened out of the church, and was followed by a hooting crowd.

AT RECHNITZ, in Hungary, a man has committed a horrible act through superstition. He has successively assassinated four children and eaten their hearts raw, believing that he would become invisible when he had done the same to seven. The crime was discovered before he had time to arrive at the end of his atrocity, and the man is in custody.

DR. BULLAR, son of the late venerable John Bullar, Esq., of Bassett, near Southampton, has presented to the Hartley Institution, in that town, the chief portion of the valuable library of his father, consisting of nearly 1000 volumes on history, divinity, and philosophy. Dr. Bullar has had the books handsomely bound, and has at his own expense fitted up a splendid book-case in the reading-room of the institute where the volumes are to be kept.

THE GREAT TUNNEL excavated under Lake Michigan, for supplying Chicago with water, has been completed. It is nearly two miles long, is dug 80 ft. under the bed of the lake, beneath a stratum of clay, and was excavated without a single accident; the ground being first broken on March 17, 1864. Its capacity is 57,000,000 gallons of water daily. The cost of the excavation was about £46,005. The necessary machinery for distributing the water through the city will be in operation by next spring.

MR. JACOB, a member of the Winchester Town Council, complained to that body last week of the Corporation pictures being kept in St. John's Rooms, where balls are held, and that the pictures were injured by the heat and moisture of the room. A picture, at one time worth 1500g., of Charles II., painted by Sir Peter Lely, and presented to the Corporation by the "merry monarch," is seriously damaged. It was taken down a short time since and laid in a kitchen, and a person nearly put his foot through it.

SEIZURE OF A SUPPOSED FENIAN VESSEL OF WAR IN THE MEDWAY. A large three-masted iron screw-steamer arrived the other day in the Medway from one of the northern ports, and from several suspicious circumstances connected with her movements she was believed to be intended for a Fenian vessel of war. Her seizure was accordingly been made by the authorities. She passed by the name of the Bolivar; and, on the authorities taking possession, she was found to have about thirty tons of gunpowder on board, which she has shipped from a barge since her arrival in the Medway, together with a number of rifled Blakely cannon, revolvers, swords, and other war materials. She is laden with coals, beneath which are concealed a quantity of shot and shell. No papers or documents of any kind have been found on board, and the ship is without a captain; the second officer, who was in charge at the time she was seized, having since made his escape from the vessel. The crew, numbering about twenty men, state that they were shipped for a voyage to Columbia, to which Government the vessel is stated to belong. The Bolivar is a new vessel, built by Palmer and Co., of the Jarrow Works, Shields. A strong party of the Royal Marines has been placed in charge of the ship by Admiral Sir D. W. Walker, and the vessel is also guarded by the guns of the Formidable, 84, while the Lizard is moored close to her to prevent her escape. Later intelligence states that "very little doubt exists that the Bolivar is what she represents herself to be—namely, a war-steamer, built for the Columbian Government. She came into Sheerness harbour to receive the remainder of her stores, but, being a new ship, she was not provided with her proper colours, and all her papers were not on board. Her detention is mainly caused by the irregularities in her outfit, and as soon as these are put right she will probably be allowed to depart. In consequence of the Fenian movement, the authorities are very cautious in their proceedings, and it is thought better to clear up all doubt respecting her character before allowing her to leave the Medway."

## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

MR. SERJEANT BALLANTINE declines to stand for Colchester. Why, I know not; probably he calculated his chances, and found that the odds were against him. Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, I think, showed his wisdom. Colchester is decidedly a Conservative town. Now and then the Liberals can return one member; but, if Acland's "Imperial Poll-book" is to be trusted, it has, since the Reform Bill, never returned two Liberals. True, Mr. Gurdon Rebow, the present Liberal member, was at the head of the poll in 1865, topping Miller by fifty votes, and Papillon by over a hundred; and it would seem from this that the Liberal interest is strong enough to carry two men easily. But it must be remembered that Mr. Gurdon Rebow is a resident, that he spent a deal of money, and that Mr. Papillon was under a cloud of local unpopularity and spent but little money—has not, indeed, it is said, much to spend. No sooner had Mr. Serjeant Ballantine retired from the field than Dr. Brewer appeared. Dr. Brewer is a retired physician, living in Hanover-square, Hanover-square. He has long been ambitious to get into Parliament. He proposed privately to Westminster, last year; but Westminster received his proposals coldly. The Royal city had her eye upon a more distinguished man—to wit, John Stuart Mill—and Dr. Brewer promptly withdrew his proposal, magnanimously joined the committee of Mr. John Stuart Mill, and became its chairman. Dr. Brewer took care to tell the Colchester people that he is a Churchman. And that is true, and, perhaps, it was politic to announce the fact to a town which has in it twelve or thirteen churches and some two dozen resident parsons. But Dr. Brewer is not an hereditary Churchman. His father was a Dissenter. It is common, you know, for rich Dissenters' sons to leave Dissent. Meanwhile, Mr. Miller is better in health, and has no present intention of resigning before a dissolution.

Mr. Bright is very popular just now with all classes of Radical Reformers. He does not advocate manhood suffrage, but those who do cordially rally round him. Whereas Mr. M. T. Bass got hissed on his own premises because he would not support manhood suffrage. How is this? Well, the reason is plain. Mr. Bright says, "I am not afraid of manhood suffrage, but you cannot get it; and what is the use of talking about it?" Mr. Bass made a point of it and argued against it strenuously, and his son refused to appear at the meeting. Foolish men! why make a stir about a question which, I venture to say, will not turn up in the House of Commons in their time? If Mr. Bass had quietly said, "As to manhood suffrage, I will give you my opinion about that as soon as there shall be the least probability of its becoming a Parliamentary question; meanwhile, let us, leaving the impossible and unattainable, consider the possible and attainable," he would have been listened to and cheered; but he wanted to air his argument against manhood suffrage, and he got his reward. By-the-way, it seems strange to me that those of us who think that household suffrage ought to be granted should be denounced as holding extreme opinions. Why, the first vote which I ever gave, thirty-six years ago, I gave as an inhabitant householder; not as an inhabitant householder paying rates, but simply as an inhabitant householder; and this franchise had been the franchise of the borough from the time of Edward I. Nay, the franchise was even more extensive than this, for the freemen had votes, and some of them were only lodgers. And, further, I remember that many Tories, both in and out of the House, opposed the Reform Bill because it deprived the inhabitant householders of the franchise.

I have been often asked how it was that the Reform Bill of 1831, seeing that it disfranchised so extensively, became so popular; and I dare say that this question has puzzled some of your young readers. Let me, then, tell them how this was. The greatest political grievance prior to 1831 was certainly the existence of rotten boroughs—that is, boroughs which were bought and sold in the market—and also decayed boroughs. Well, the Reform Bill destroyed sixty of the former at a stroke and deprived forty-seven of the latter of one member. The effect of this blow nobody now can appreciate; but those who lived at that period knew that the effect would be, as it has proved to be, tremendous. Moreover, it—the bill, I mean—erected twenty-seven populous towns, which had never returned members, into boroughs. Then it gave the right of voting in boroughs to all householders who paid a rent of £10. The effect of this is not easily discernible by the present generation; but it can be shown. Colchester shall be our example. The right of voting there was in the freemen, resident or non-resident. Now, in Colchester very few of the respectable traders were freemen, whilst at least 200 of the freemen were non-resident. Well, the Reform Bill, while it preserved the rights of freemen resident within a circle of five miles of the borough, swept away the rights of all those who lived beyond that boundary line, and gave a vote to every resident householder who rented tenements to the value of £10. No wonder, then, that the bill was popular at Colchester; and Colchester is only a sample of the sack. Why, it was like life from the dead. But in many boroughs the right of voting was much more limited. In some, indeed, it was vested in the Mayor and Corporation. My young readers, then, will hardly now be surprised that the Reform Bill of 1831 was so popular. Still, it was to a large extent a disfranchising bill; and this fault must now be remedied. It was always understood that Lord Durham, a member of the Reform Cabinet, protested against this wholesale disfranchisement.

It is on the cards that the Government will not meet Parliament. Many of our most sagacious politicians believe that this concourse of heterogeneous atoms called a Conservative Government cannot, unless the laws of nature be suspended, hold together long, and they think that it is not impossible that the Government will deem it best to quietly dissolve itself before the meeting of Parliament. The notion that Disraeli and Lord Stanley will secede, and leave General Peel to lead the House, finds no favour. The report has, indeed, been received with general laughter, and the idea of the General leading the House is, certainly, supremely ridiculous. Not that he is deficient in ability, for everybody knows that he is an able man; but such a position would be so foreign to his habits and repugnant to his taste. Besides, he is sixty-seven years old, and cannot be expected to undertake such onerous duties as those which would devolve upon him as the leader of the House. Palmerston, you may say, led the House at eighty; did not, indeed, begin to lead till after he was seventy. Yes, but he had gathered experience in every department, and what a flexible, versatile mind he had! Whereas the General has had no experience, except at the War Office, and not much in that; and has not a flexible, versatile mind. No, if Disraeli and Stanley resign, the Government must go. Northcote has not weight enough to lead, Cranbourne not temper, Pakington not ability.

There will be an attempt made to reform the government of the metropolis next Session; but it will not be successful. No, be assured that it will not be successful. This is one of those measures which will never be passed until Parliament shall be further democratised. There were many great reforms which could not be achieved until Parliament admitted the middle class to the franchise. This is a reform which cannot be achieved till Parliament shall have enfranchised the artisan class.

I observe that you last week referred to a plan for converting our old wooden line-of-battle ships into turret-vessels that has been submitted to the Admiralty by Mr. Nicholas Enour. I may inform your readers that the principal feature of Mr. Enour's plan is to cover the vessel's deck and sides with armour-plating arranged at such an angle as will certainly make an enemy's projectiles "glance," however special may be the stand taken to strike. This angle, he says, may vary from 30 deg. up to 50 deg., and the means of securing it he obtains by widening the ship at water-line or immediately above. He proposes to place the guns on rotating turrets, or rather pivots, provided with as many chambers as the ship is to carry guns on that part of her deck; but one, two, or more gun-pivots may be constructed, according to the length of the ship. A loading-chamber is constructed convenient to each pivot, the revolutions of which place one gun at a porthole to be fired and another at the loading-chamber to be charged at the same time. One set of

men to fire and another to load the guns on each pivot is sufficient to fight the ship. A smaller crew will suffice, guns of any weight may be carried, and greater safety and convenience are secured, Mr. Enour maintains, upon his plan than on any yet proposed. This may or may not be the case; but the notion of angle-plating seems to commend itself to practical men, for a letter in the *Times* the other day, signed "A Captain," advocates something very like it. Mr. Enour's models and plans, I understand, are under the consideration of the officials of the proper department.

If a man's circle of acquaintance be ordinarily large, he must have no small difficulty in finding fresh expedients for aiding in the amusement in which all are expected to join and to promote at the parties given at this season of the year. One is consequently disposed to be grateful to those persons who devote themselves to devising novelties for Christmas time. Among the aids to passing a pleasant evening that have come under my notice, two "Round Games" at cards, published by Messrs. Evans and Son, of Newgate-street, deserve special attention. One is called "Change for a Sovereign," a title which will readily indicate its nature. It is easily learned, and affords scope for quick reckoning and the exercise of presence of mind, but it also admits of plenty of blundering, and consequent penalties and merriment. The other game, called "The Queen," though played with fewer cards, is more complicated, because the values of the several cards, instead of appearing on their face, has to be borne in mind. The rules, however, may be mastered in a few minutes, and the game may then be played with interest and amusement for hours. As a lounge in family society as well as at the clubs, I hope to find these two games useful.

I see Messrs. Fuller, of Mortimer House, have published some very handsome illuminations, from designs appropriate to the Christmas season supplied by the female artists, to find employment for whom the firm in question is so strenuous in exerting itself. In this unpleasant weather young ladies might find less agreeable work than illuminating the outlines in question (obtainable uncoloured) as a pretty addition to the ordinary Christmas decorations of holly mistletoe, and ivy.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

At the head of the Christmas numbers I think we may place the *Once a Week* number. In the literature we have such names as those of the "Author of John Halifax," Dutton Cook, Julia Goddard, Mary Howitt, Shirley Brooks, Mrs. Riddell; and in the list of illustrators there are Mr. John Leighton, Mr. F. Eltze, and Mr. Small. This Christmas number is not so gorgeous as some others; but it has quiet, sterling merit, and is, throughout, in good taste—which is a great point. It is entirely free from what I will dare to call Christmas blataney. "B. J." who writes some verses about a poor woman in church on Christmas Day is unknown to me; but verses xii. and xiii. of his little poem might have been written by Wordsworth. If "B. J." is young, and new to poetry, he will, I trust, "go farther," as the French say; but the fact that the verses are all well-finished, while only two of them are very noticeable as poetry, makes me think he must have had practice in writing. If so, my "expectation" is qualified; but my praise remains true.

Beeton's *Christmas Annual* is late; but, as it was the captain and leader in this annual business, it deserves and shall have a place of honour. Originators always come off badly—it is a law of progress. In Mr. Beeton's *Annual*—the "real original Blue Boar and no deception"—the type is nice and large and readable; and the stories are good; and there is more suggestion of good raw material for Christmas amusement in this than in any of its competitors—I mean followers. I hope its being late in the field will not interfere with its circulation, and that next year it will come to the front.

From the office of *Punch* there have been issued the usual "Almanack" and "Pocket-Book" of our facetious friend. These productions this year exhibit all the characteristics which have hitherto distinguished them, and are each good in their way. In looking over them, however, one cannot help missing the hand—that of John Leech—which was wont so greatly to enrich their pages, even though a considerable period has now elapsed since the artist's death. You see, it is so difficult to forget a loss like that.

*Ghosts' Wives*—a String of Strange Stories, told by Six Young Widows and an Old Maid—with 100 illustrations by Phiz, C. H. Ross, and others—is a kind-of-a sort-of-a Christmas annual which has just the merit of a little very reckless nonsense in some of the woodcuts, and probably no more. The whole of this Christmas annual business wants overhauling; but I cannot do it this week.

From Christmas annuals to *Good Words* and the *Sunday Magazine* is a great jump. But to both of these strong words of praise are most justly due. In the former Mrs. Oliphant now concludes her beautiful story of "Madonna Mary," and Mr. Gilbert his admirable "Ruth Thornbury." In the latter serial Miss Tytler, the author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline," continues her tale of the "Huguenot Family in the English Village;" while Mr. MacDonald, who gives us some translations from Luther's hymns, states incidentally a theory, or doctrine, or duty of Translation as an art, which exhausts the subject, and is well worth not only reading but treasuring up as a guide to the criticism of translation in general.

## THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

The theatrical world is about to be convulsed. There is hardly a leading West-End theatre that is not about to make an important change in its company. I suppose I am not at liberty to mention all I know upon this point; but before many weeks have passed the details of these changes will have been made public. It is pretty generally known, however, that Mr. Webster has taken the Olympic, in order to keep Mr. Henderson out of it; that Miss Terry rejoins what will be left of the Olympic company, and that Mr. Horace Wigan remains as ostensible manager.

I am in a position to give you some fuller details of the different Christmas arrangements at the theatres.

COVENT GARDEN is to have a most magnificent pantomime, on the subject of "The Forty Thieves," by Mr. Gilbert à Beckett, the eldest son of the late humourist. I hear that enough money has already been spent on it to cover the stage with sovereigns. But this may be Eastern hyperbole.

Mr. Blanchard supplies DRURY LANE with a pantomime, as usual. "Number Nip; or, Harlequin and the Gnome King of the Giant Mountains" is to be the subject.

THE ADLPHI has a burlesque by Mr. Halliday on the story of "The Lady of the Lake." He calls it "Mountain Dhu."

THE PRINCESS'S is going to revive Mr. Planché's extravaganza, "The Invisible Prince," in which Mrs. Wood will appear. I hope, by-the-by, that there is no truth in the report that Mr. Honey is going to this theatre to play Miss Miggs, *vice* Mrs. Wood. Has not the piece run long enough?

THE ST. JAMES'S produces no novelty on Boxing Night; but on New-Year's Day a burlesque on the "Elisir d'Amore" is promised. It is to be called "Dulcamara; or, the Elixir of Love," and is from the pen of Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

THE OLYMPIC is going to revive "London Assurance." The HAYMARKET produces, on Boxing Night, a comedy by Mr. Tom Taylor, called "A Lesson for Life." It was originally played by the Civil Service amateurs at the Lyceum and St. James's theatres, four or five years ago.

THE STRAND announces a burlesque, by Mr. Burnand, on the rather threadbare subject of "Guy Fawkes." However, if Mr. Burnand can contrive to extract any more fun from it, so much the more credit is due to him.

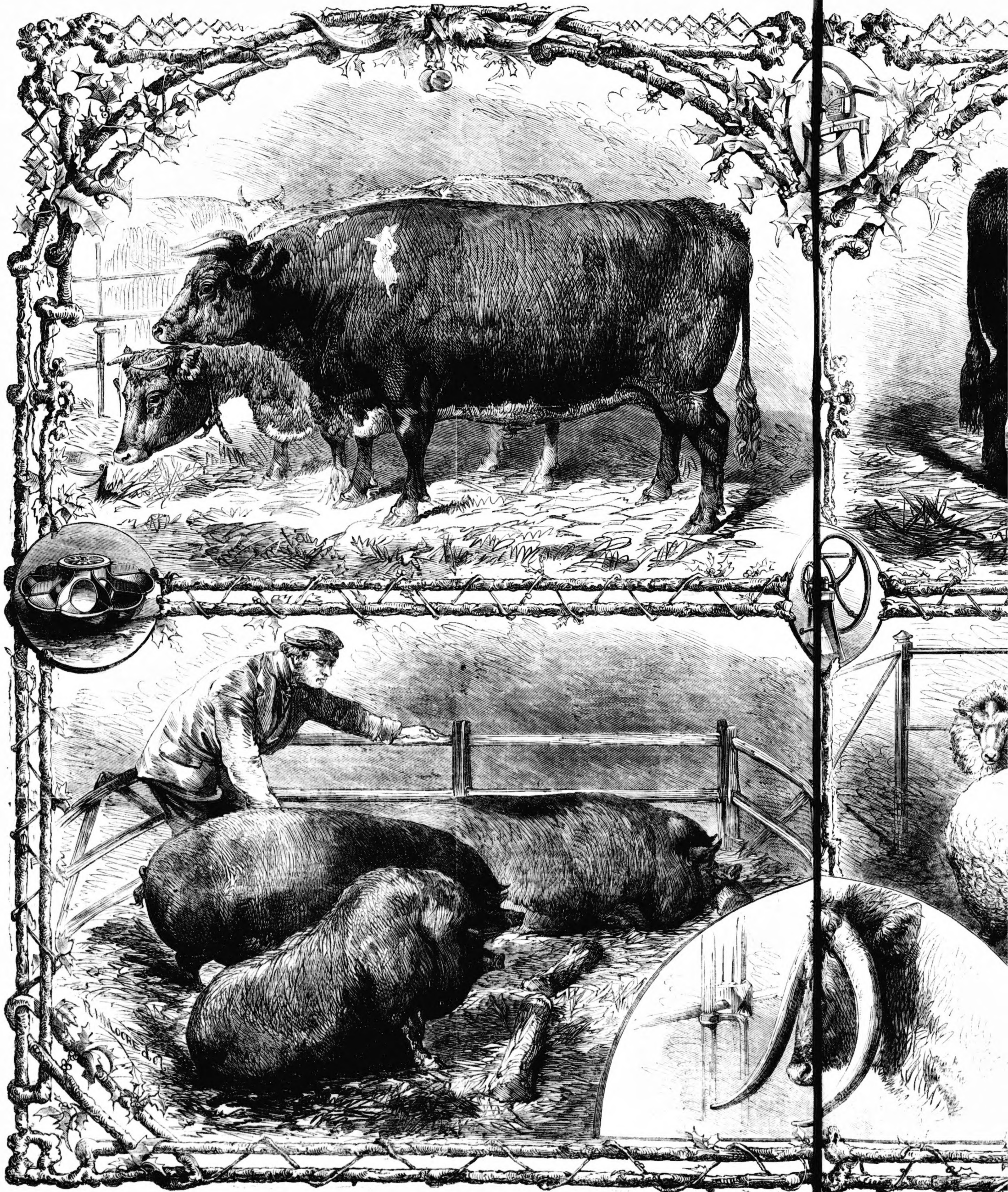
THE PRINCE OF WALES'S is to be furnished with a burlesque, "Pandora Box," by Mr. H. J. Byron.

THE ROYALTY announces no change. "Black-Eyed Susan" will probably retain its place in the bills until March.

ASTLEY'S has a pantomime, by Mr. C. Milward and another, on the interesting theme of "Hush-a-by, Baby!" I understand that it is to be a marvellous specimen of scenic magnificence.

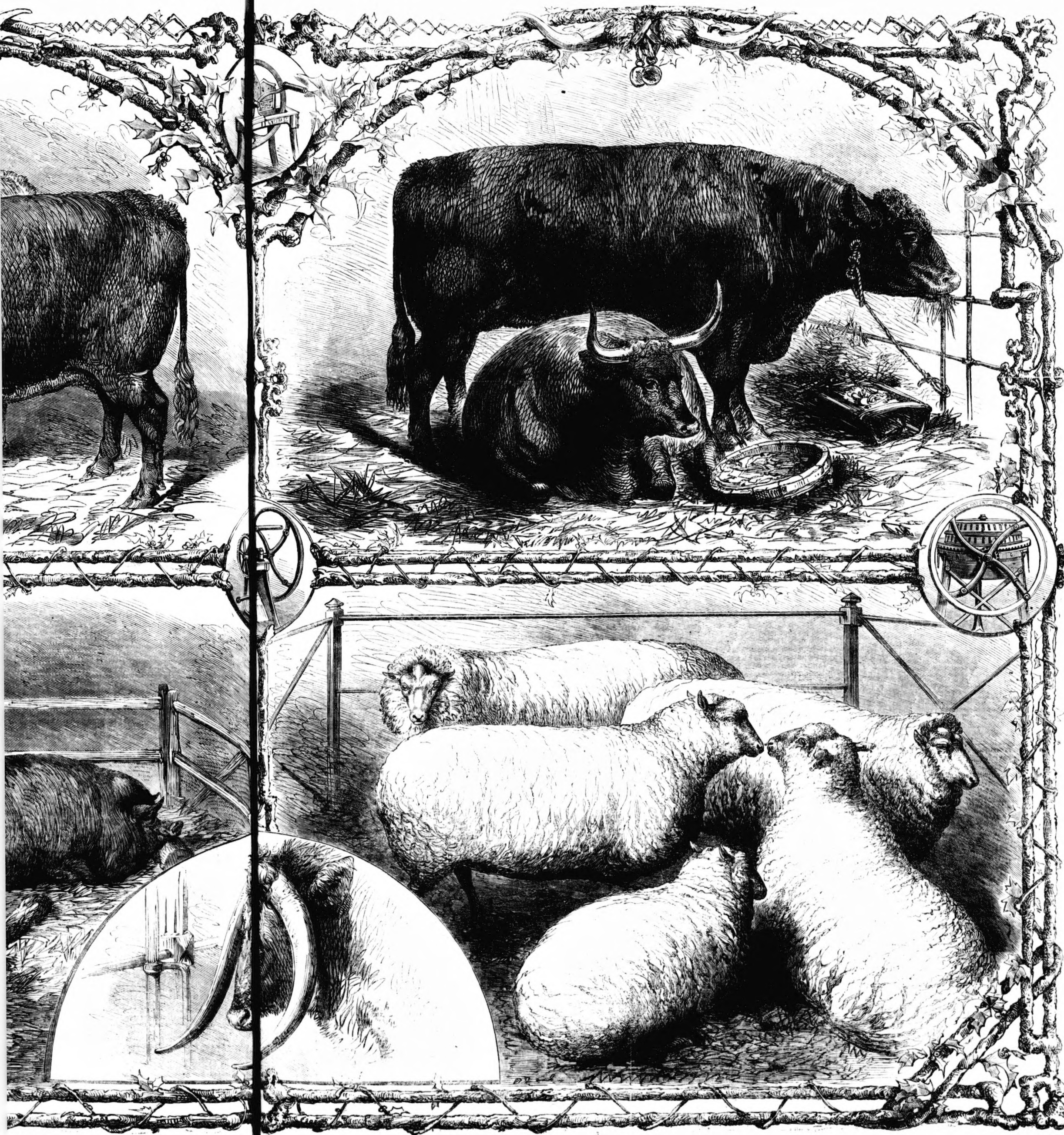
THE SURREY announces "A, Apple-Pie; or, Harlequin Jack-in-the-Box." And with this I close my list.





PRIZE WINNERS AT THE FIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.





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## SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.

NOTWITHSTANDING the doubt up to the last moment whether the exhibition would ever be opened, and in spite, too, of the onerous but wise restriction which obliges all the animals to be slaughtered in London within four days from the closing of the show, the animals have answered well to their names, and have come up fairly strong, leaving comparatively few blank stalls or pens.

## CATTLE.

The cattle entries number a few less than last year, but above the average of several past years; but as long as the four long ranges of stalls are well filled compatibly with an allowance of space that does justice to the points of beasts worth looking at, we are always content to mark it a good show, without too closely counting progress by figures. If numbers were all that we wanted we could find them in the open market; it is rather quality that is to be sought throughout the classes of every breed, just as in a single animal, not dimensions, but properties, form the test of excellence. And in taking a critical survey of this year's competition beeves we must discriminate the object and intention of the long list of munificent premiums offered by the now ancient and prosperous Smithfield Club. The two silver cups, each of £10 value—the crowning honours for the best male and female in all the cattle classes—are not for the biggest and heaviest animal of each sex; for, if so, the measuring-tape and weighing-machine would alone be required to determine the award. Neither are those animals necessarily the best which are loaded with the most monstrous accumulations of fat; for there may be a scarcity of flesh in the most valuable parts; the quality of the meat may reveal itself to the touch as of a fibrous or a loose oily character; and the bone and offal may be coarse and disproportionately heavy. Nor is it simply the most profitable animal for the butcher's stall that should win one of these handsome pieces of plate. If so, a jury of butchers ought to pronounce judgment on which ox and cow in the hall would pay most money for killing, and what price per stone the meat of each animal is worth; while form, beauty, constitution, early maturity, and breeding characteristics would go for nothing. The Club does not confine its encouragement to good fattening properties only, but aims at developing these in connection with an improvement of type and a conservation of the valuable qualities distinguishing different breeds. In the days of the old Goswell-street show the contest was all hand-over-head, without classification beyond division by sex and age; but now, while this is not a breeding show, but a competition of combined breeding and grazing, it is really a school for breeds—here displaying their utmost several capabilities of producing beef. Hence, when two animals of a breed possess equal merits for slaughtering, that with most character and symmetry will take precedence; and if a pure-bred and a cross-bred beast are of like merit for the grazier and butcher, blood will turn the scale,—the production of the most valuable sorts being always kept in view. It so happens that, on the present occasion, we have to signalise the triumph of the cross-breeds in the male classes, and of the shorthorns for "the Lady's Cup;" this being the second time that a cross-bred ox has so far surpassed every male among the pure breeds as to over-balance all the advantages of blood and "good looks." In the Smithfield Club annals we look back to years known by the names of the great winners; and just as University men talk of "Smith's year," "Brown's year," and so on, we remember 1865 as the year of "the Duke of Sutherland's West Highland"—the only Scott that ever carried off an Islington cup; 1864 as the year of "Kirkham's shorthorn steer" and "Taylor's shorthorn heifer;" and 1862, again, as the year of "Overman's cross-bred," the first animal not of pure breed that had ever carried off the great stake. The present year will be distinguished as that of "Harris's cross-bred" and "Stratton's shorthorn cow 'Diadem.'" When Messrs. Buckley, Moon, and R. J. Newton, the Devon and Hereford judges, and Messrs. Milward, J. B. Thompson, and Francis Fowler, the shorthorn and Scot judges, had emptied their baskets of pink, yellow, and blue rosettes all through the numerous classes of different breeds and ages, they all united into a jury (or rather, half a jury) to award the momentous "cups." First came the steers and oxen, all the first-prize beasts led out and ranged side by side in the central avenue of the hall. Of Devons, there was a very good evenly-fed steer of Mr. John Overman, of Burnham, Norfolk; next, an older steer of Mr. Bond, of North Petherton, Somerset, with great size, but with defective rounds, flattish ribs, and too much body; and an ox of Mr. Walter Farthing, of Stowey-court, Somersetshire, the best of the Devons, having beautiful symmetry and firm flesh under a fine curly coat. Of Herefords, Mr. Shirley, of Bancroft Munslow, Salop, furnished a very level, compactly-framed steer, with a rare coat, but with flank and thigh somewhat deficient; Major-General the Hon. A. N. Hood had a very good steer, from Windsor, prime in fore quarters and handsome, though we have seen considerably better; and Mr. Beach, of the Hattons, Staffordshire, brought up an exceedingly fine ox, having a grand back and hips and a great girth, but which might have been of firmer hand. Of shorthorns, the young steer of Messrs. Lency and Son, of Watlington, Kent, was not first-rate, with plainish head and horns, defective in plait and girth; the nice-coated roan steer of Mr. George Taylor, of Bridlington, Yorkshire, was a capitally topped animal, but too much tucked-up below; and the white ox of Mr. C. W. Packer, M.P., of Prestwold, Leicestershire, was a fleshy but rather lumbering specimen of this noble breed, with high loin, drooping rump, and little of the grand style which has commanded admiration in prize shorthorns of some former years. Of the Sussex breed there came out a very useful steer of Messrs. J. and A. Heasman, of Angmering, Sussex; and a very good ox, with extremely fine quality of meat, of Mr. N. Napper, of Wisborough-green, Sussex. Of Norfolk polls, the first-prize ox of Mr. Thomas M. Hudson, of Castle Acre, Norfolk, was a compact, well-fed animal. Of the longhorns, Mr. Chapman, of Upton, Warwickshire, had a very good specimen, with level back, splendid quality of flesh, and handsome (for the breed), with curved horns almost inclosing the face in a frame. An exceedingly good dun-coloured West Highland, of Mr. Stewart, of New-market, Aberdeen, was the first-prize beast among the horned Scots; and the plum of the Scotch polls was the black ox of the executors of the late Sir A. P. Gordon Cumming, of Altyre, Morayshire. This walked out a splendid beast; wonderful in length, breadth, roundness; complete filling out of every point, except a little deficiency between the loin and tail, with a fine, deer-like head, velvety coat—in fact, a study for the breed, and evidently a dangerous rival of any animal that might challenge him for the cup. The first-prize Welsh ox of Mr. Platt, of Bryn-y-Nedd, Carnarvon, was a pretty good one, and of excellent hand. The cross or mixed breed classes furnished Mr. James Stewart's good red steer, a cross between shorthorn and Aberdeen, and an ox of Mr. Richard Heath Harris, of Earm-hill, Forres, Morayshire. This is a cross between shorthorn and Scotch-poll, bred by Mr. Alexander Cowie, of Crombly-bank, Ellon, Aberdeen, apparently of three fourths shorthorn blood, or, at any rate, distinguished from pure shorthorn only by a general rounding off of contour and a lack of general beauty and of the finest character of head. This is unquestionably one of the most wonderful animals ever exhibited. In describing him we can only heap together epithets of magnitude and dimensions, such as length, breadth, depth of frame, outspringing ribs, hips a full yard across, a back so level and spacious that you might "play a game at cards on it," a tail well set on, thighs full, breast-end and fore quarter extremely good; the flesh handles to perfection, firm and of the right texture; the hair is fine and sufficiently plentiful, the colour red, with one or two white spots; the head and horn are free from coarseness, the eye full and of mild expression. If there be a weak point, it is that the flank does not fill your hand well, and perhaps the bone may be a little too strong, although this is an immensely heavy beast. His girth is astonishing, being no less than 10 ft. 4 in., or 7 in. more than that of Mr. Stewart's great cross-bred in 1862; more than that of the gold-medal shorthorn ox of Mr. Edward Wortley several years ago, and encompassed by a tape only ten inches shorter than

the girth of the king of all shorthorns, the famous "Durham Ox." The adjudication was not long in debate, and the red and white ribbon soon told that the polled Scott was vanquished, and the silver cup won by this magnificent cross-bred.

The concluding business of the judges was to award the cup in the female competition. The first-prize Devons led out were Mr. Walter Farthing's cow, a good one, though we have seen much better; and a heifer of Mr. Dashwood, of Ryde, which might be a model for compactness, good chine and rib, and good quality, were she not too short and a little defective before the shoulder. The Herefords were a handsome heifer of Mr. J. Hungerford Arkwright, of Leominster, a firm-handling mass of beef; and Major-General Hood's exceedingly beautiful cow. The shorthorns came out grandly, with a roan heifer of Mr. Richard Stratton, of Walls Court, Bristol, having splendid back and loin, prime fore quarters, but perhaps a little deficiency in hand; and his roan cow, "Diadem," inheriting both Bates and Booth blood—a wonderfully fine animal, well filled out in every part, exceedingly handsome, and 9 ft. 4 in. in girth. There were also in competition a useful and pretty Sussex heifer, of Mr. Shoosmith, of Berwick, Sussex; and a useful cow of Messrs. Heasman. To these were added Mr. Chapman's longhorn cow, and a large red and exceedingly good cross-bred heifer of Mr. Peter Beattie, of Dunnydeer, Aberdeen. The judges weeded the lot until the Hereford, the cross-bred, and the two shorthorns were left. It was evident that the Hereford stood no chance, for want of frame and substance, against her massive rivals, and Mr. Stratton's cow marched easily to victory.

## SHEEP.

The pens of sheep, taken as a whole, may be said to excel in merit even the grand displays of wool and mutton of the last few years. Numerically, the classes somewhat fall off; indeed, the same progressive decrease is observable that some people maintain exists in the total flocks of the kingdom; for while the entries are 150 this year, they were 173 last year, and 185 in 1864. A capital show of Leicesters contains the gem of the longwool classes, Lord Berners' silver-cup shearlings, almost perfect in form, with the rarest of good flesh, beautifully fine and well-matched heads, clean offal, but a little varying in the fleeces. Mr. George Walsley's second-prize and Mr. William Browne's third-prize shearlings stand comparison very well with the pen that beats them. In the light-weight class Lord Berners' first-prize sheep have remarkably fine quality. The Cotswolds are one fourth more numerous than they were last year—there being four in place of only three pens—a miserably small demonstration on the part of such a magnificent breed. But the specimens are undoubtedly good. Seldom has a better pen appeared than Mr. Wigmore's Birmingham first-prize pen, here again at the top of the tree.

Of Lincolns, we find only a couple of pens; both very superior, with great length and breadth of frame, good heads, and long, heavy fleeces. The Romney-marsh sheep, though considerably improved as compared with what they were but a year or two since, are still much below the standard of symmetry and quality distinguishing the breeds already mentioned. In the other longwool class, nothing specially important is to be noticed. Of extra-stock Leicester and longwools there is a decent show, Mr. Walsley's silver-medal Leicester wether being very superior and particularly handsome, with a nice fleece; while Mr. Bradshaw's silver-medal Leicester ewe is a well-formed and beautifully-fed sheep. Mr. Casswell's silver-medal Lincoln ewe is a grand specimen of the finer strains of this breed, very heavy, but with a somewhat short rump, and hand become a little loose.

Over a score of the best pens of Southdowns yet exhibited in the hall constitute one of the main beauties of the show. Lord Walsingham's silver-cup shearlings are wonderful for expansive frames; heavily-meated backs, necks, and thighs; abundance of fine wool, and true Down character. The second-prize shearlings of Lord Sondes are great beauties, splendidly formed, exceedingly well got-up, but only just beating the Earl of Radnor's rather larger-framed sheep, which also possess admirable character and faces matched to perfection. In the light-weight class Lord Walsingham is first again, with sheep that make a perfect picture; and it is surprising how the Merion flock manages to send up so many good wethers after saving very large numbers of rams. The second-prize wethers of Lord Sondes have good quality, but are not so compact in form; and Mr. Foljamb's third-prize sheep are distinguished for high feeding rather than for extraordinary Southdown shape and character. The Duke of Richmond wins the first prize for two-shear wethers, with a magnificent pen, decidedly here in its right place; the Goodwood blood again taking the lead for superlative quality. Lord Walsingham's second prize pen falls only for want of equality in the three sheep—one being, perhaps, the best Southdown to be found in the hall. Great development of frame is to be seen in the class of Hampshire and Wiltshire Downs. Mr. Stephen King's first-prize wethers have considerable depth, prime backs, and fine quality of mutton, with plenty of good wool. The Shropshire's are a most useful and valuable sort, showing this year in greater excellence than ever. Lord Chesham wins the first prize in the shearing class with three very fine and handsome sheep, full of mutton and carrying admirable fleeces. Mr. Henry Smith's second-prize wethers stand higher, have broad, fat backs, good legs of mutton, and are splendidly fed. Mr. Smith's first-prize two-shear wethers are, perhaps, equal to any in the whole show for perfection of form, being well made throughout, as well as for general appearance and beautiful mutton.

All the Oxfordshires get prizes or commendations. Mr. Samuel Druce's first-prize wethers are exceedingly large and heavy, beautifully fed, but wanting in perfect symmetry and compactness of frame. The Duke of Marlborough's second-prize sheep are of rather better form, but not so superior in weight and substance. What may be lacking in truthness of type in this breed is said to be amply counterbalanced by their early maturity and general profitableness.

The mountain breeds are always particularly interesting, and it is in these classes that the most marked examples of improvement are now to be witnessed. The little pink-woolled, white-faced, twisted-horned Exmoors are now transformed into sheep as big as Leicesters, with rare necks and backs, and wool entirely altered from its former character, Mr. Tapp's first-prize wether being the best of the breed yet exhibited, an advance upon the very admirable specimens of last year. Among the dark faces, Mr. Peel's wonderful Lonks (transformed natives of the Lancashire Fells) probably weigh over 35 lb. per quarter—a great weight for mountain sheep. Mr. McGill's singular "speckle-faces," from Kirkcudbright, supposed to be a cross between Lincoln longwools and Scotch mountain sheep, are big and heavy, and what is more remarkable, bear fleeces of long-stapled lustre wool. Can this cross be supported and this valuable wool produced upon lofty, moorland herbage, in a wet and bleak situation? If so, we shall have supplies of staple raw material from many districts now little expected to yield such produce. The extra-stock classes are ornamented by a few splendid specimens, especially the silver-medal Southdown ewe of Lord Sondes, a model of Down shape and beauty. The extra-stock shortwool class comprises some very meritorious pens, Mr. George Wallis's Oxfordshire Down winning the silver medal. It is impossible to over-praise Mr. John Overman's two first-prize pens of cross-bred wethers, a first cross between Leicester and Southdown, his shearlings justly bearing away the silver cup to Norfolk-against the Shropshire, Oxfordshire, and "Other Breed" sheep. They may be pronounced well-nigh perfect in every point, both to the eye and hand of a judge. Mr. Overman also wins the silver medal in the cross-bred extra-stock class.

## PIGS.

The pig classes are slightly better filled than they were last year; but the quality of the show stands much higher than usual. We find nothing of the monster character, but a general excellence of breeding, very early maturity, and high feeding. The pigs under six months old form a most irregular class, from their great variation in size. Mr. Underwood's whites beat Mr. Mitchell's Berkshires and Captain Warren's small-breed whites, while Major-General Hood's and Mr. Slade's are highly commended. The pigs under

nine months' old are specially meritorious; Mr. Melville Cartwright's first-prize Middlesex pigs are very heavy, thick at both ends, and covered with fine hair. In the class of pigs under a year old, Mr. Cattle's first-prize pen presents us with large frames and yet small-breed character, splendidly fed; and altogether this is an exceedingly fine class. The good class of pigs under eighteen months' old contains the gem of this department—namely, Mr. Coate's unequalled "Cup" pen of "Improved Dorsets;" extraordinary in every respect, of perfect symmetry, vast weight of flesh of a firm elastic quality, with fine heads and light bone. The estimated dead weight is forty imperial stones each; and this is the attainment of scarcely fifteen months. In a large and good class of extra-stock pigs the medal is won by Mr. Stearn with a most beautiful sample of his "Improved Suffolks."

Our Engraving shows Mr. R. Stratton's short-horned cow, Mr. R. H. Harris's mixed-bred ox, the late Sir A. P. Gordon Cumming, Bart.'s, Scotch polled ox; Mr. J. Overman's Devon ox, Mr. R. Chapman's long-horned ox; Lord Berners' Leicesters and Lord Walsingham's southdown; and Mr. J. Coate's improved Dorset pigs.

## FINE ARTS.

## MR. McLEAN'S EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.

THE scheme of Mr. McLean's Exhibition, as set forth in his catalogue, is a laudable one. It is intended to place before the public "some of the finest works of the present day and of the English masters of an earlier date, and to include the careful works of many young artists." There is undoubtedly a lack of opportunities for these latter. The societies, old and new, exhibit only the works of members; and the Dudley Gallery last year showed signs that it was tending towards a practical departure from its original design, as we feared was likely to happen from an analysis of its constitution. Where, then, are the young men to find a chance of appeal to the public? The answer is, "Through the dealers." But not all dealers would give the chance on such fair terms as Mr. McLean appears to do. Of course the exhibition is fairly enough made available for the sale of "the finest works of the present day" and "of masters of an earlier period"—that is to say, of pictures in the possession of Mr. McLean—but he appears, to judge from the walls, to give ample space to young talent; and he has his reward, for the exhibition is, taken altogether, a remarkably creditable one. The general public that crowds the galleries of societies, academies, and institutes, is somewhat apt to overlook or pass by "dealers' exhibitions," but it would not do so in this case if it knew how pleasant a collection of drawings is on view at No. 7, Haymarket.

Mr. Lundgren is represented by both figure-subjects and views. Of the latter, "An Interior" (78) is the most remarkable work—the painting of the apartment seen through the grille is singularly truthful. All his drawings are marked by the force and by the excellent quality of colour which in so short a time have made his name familiar to the connoisseurs and lovers of English art.

Mr. J. D. Linton is an artist whose work—thanks to the errors in judgment of the elective body of the old society—we have fewer opportunities of seeing than we could wish. His colouring is brilliant without crudeness, and his arrangement is felicitous to a high degree. He has one fault, which is the result rather of over-elaboration than of slovenliness, and which therefore leans to virtue's side—his pictures in some cases lack air, owing to the scrupulous finish bestowed on accessories in the background. His studies of a "Blonde" (32) and "Brunette" (36) in this gallery are very graceful. Mr. W. Lucas paints in a different style, but with hardly less success. There are few works in the gallery that can claim rank before "Rustic Courtship" (217), and there is a great charm about "Words of Consolation" (28). Mr. George H. Thomas is only represented by one work, "The Lost Boat" (71)—a couple of lads wading out into the sea for their capsized vessel, which the waves are rapidly drifting out of reach. It is a work worthy of the reputation, which the series of illustrations in the *Cornhill* to Mr. Wilkie Collins's sensational improbability "Armada" could endanger but not injure. Mr. J. D. Watson shows to advantage in all his works that are here exhibited, "Robinson Crusoe" (30) is the finished sketch for the oil painting which is one of the gems of Mr. Gambart's exhibition. "Petrarch" (100)—not Mr. Watson's title, we fancy—and "Contemplation" (104) are two noble studies of costume—two splendid exercises in colour. A group entitled "Tuning Up" (83) is a very favourable example of Mr. E. K. Johnson, and "The Little Woodcutter" (90) shows Mr. C. Green to advantage.

M. Guido Bach, one of the newest but strongest additions to the list of figure-painters in water colour, lends the charm of his vigorous drawing and pleasantly subdued colour to the exhibition. "Homeless" (108) was among the earliest of his works exhibited in the gallery of the Institute, of which he is so valuable a member. Mr. Rossiter has one or two pleasantly-bright subjects on the walls, and Mr. Smallfield's brilliant pencil is not absent, nor is that of Mr. C. Cattermole.

Of the works of Messrs. Gilbert, Louis Haghe, and Birket Foster, or those of deceased masters, like Hunt and Cattermole, there is nothing new to be said. When we have noted that there are also pictures by Messrs. Bouvier, Kilburne, R. Barnes, and Boughton, which must not be overlooked, we have exhausted the principal figure-subjects.

In landscape the gallery is enriched by works by the late David Cox, De Wint, and Copley Fielding. Mr. Duncan appears to advantage in marine pieces—notably in "Sunrise after a Storm" (56); while Mr. Samuel Read gives us some of the fine architectural drawing in "The South Porch of St. Michael's" (27), with which he and Mr. Skinner Prout—in the "Interior" (147), for instance—do much to atone for the loss art sustained in the death of David Roberts. "A Glade" (34), by Mr. Clifford; a capital "Corn-field" (40), by Mr. Eddington; a "View in Jersey" (50), by Mr. Nafel; "The Common" (68), by Mr. G. Frapp; and "On the Thames" (219), by Mr. W. P. Burton, are all most favourable examples. Mr. E. Warren is represented by a noble "Autumn" (77), one of those woodland scenes in the painting of which he stands unrivalled. Mr. J. W. Oakes exhibits several landscapes full of the evidences of study and a reverent care for nature. Mr. Walters has also several works of great merit on the walls. "A Midsummer Day" (107) and "Hay-time" (125) fully establish his claim as a truthful interpreter of English landscape and its poetry.

Mdme. Rosa Bonheur leads the way among the animal-painters with a picture of life in the Landes. Mr. T. S. Cooper reproduces, in a new medium, his old effects, and Mr. Taylor gives us some of his well-known horses and dogs.

"Cattle" (209), by Mr. Beavis, is a well-studied bit of character. We are glad to see Mr. Beavis is persevering in what we believe to be a new line. Admirable as were his military compositions, they did not belong to so high a class of art as that he appears to be now adopting. The painting of animals with an appreciation of animal character, as well as correct drawing, is a thing rarely to be met with, and should be appreciated.

Mr. Brittan Willis asserts his old powers as a cattle-painter, and Mr. Clifford, in his "Calves" (69), proves that though he has something yet to learn, he has, nevertheless, achieved much. It is really refreshing to see cows and sheep possessing individualities of their own—as in Mr. Shalders's exquisite "Changing Pastures" (185)—instead of looking as if Mr. T. S. Cooper turned them out by some machine like the blockmaking apparatus to be seen at our dock-yards.

It is impossible to close this notice without giving a word of high praise to Miss Coleman's "Hedge Gatherings" (164). This lady's painting of such handfuls of nuts, dried leaves, and similar objects of still-life is a source of intense enjoyment to those who can appreciate delicacy and beauty of colour, fidelity to nature, and fineness and finish of drawing, even when displayed in this unostentatious manner. One of Miss Coleman's careful rescripts of humble objects of still-life is worth a dozen of the pretentious works whose size and garish colouring too often eclipse for the cursory spectator her simplicity of subject and delicacy of detail.



## Literature.

*Physical Geography.* By Professor D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S., &c. London: W. H. Allen and Co.

Physical geography, in the sense in which it is taught by Professor Ansted in this handsome volume, is comparatively a new science. Geography, in what we may perhaps be permitted to call its topographical signification, had, of course, been one of the earliest studies of civilised man, and many portions of physical geography were included in the elder branch; but, as a separate and defined science, we may say that physical geography is not above twenty years old. Its very terms are still strange to many tolerably well-educated persons. We have heard of a gentleman who holds—or held until lately—a respectable position in one of our Government departments, and for the discharge of the duties of which he was quite competent; but who, aspiring to a bit of promotion, a chance of obtaining which happened to come in his way, had to undergo an examination, and was “plucked” because he could not explain what a mountain water-shed meant—and this simply because he had never even heard of the term, although quite familiar with the thing indicated by it. Well, as it may be possible that not a few other persons who feel tolerably well satisfied with their attainments may be in a like case as the gentleman referred to, we advise them to procure Mr. Ansted's work, to con it carefully, and, if they master its details, we promise that they will be in small danger of being “plucked”—either by competitive examiners or in social converse—on any point of physical geography. They will here learn “all about it.”

*Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects.* By Sir JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, Bart., K.H., M.A., &c. London: Alexander Strahan.

It is not often that superior intellectual gifts and a bias for a particular branch of study are hereditary in a family; but, when this does occur, the fact somehow affords matter for congratulation to all lovers of literature and admirers of the soldiers of science. Hence we feel a positive pleasure when we find, for example, a Tyler eminent in history, a Gregory in chemistry, and a Herschel in astronomy. Doubly pleasing, however, is it when the hereditary talent and the hereditary bias exhibit themselves in two members of a distinguished family at the same time, as we have them both doing just now in Sir John and Mr. Alexander Herschel. The last-named gentleman was one of those who foretold with such wonderful accuracy the meteoric shower on the night between the 13th and 14th ult., thus showing that the powers which had made his name famous “o'er the world” were still in full vigour in the family. And in this most interesting, instructive, and pleasing volume of “Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects,” we have another Herschel—Sir John F. W.—giving ample proof that the capacity, the learning, and the attainments of the race have been inherited by him as well as its name and title. These lectures, most of which treat of matters directly or indirectly bearing on astronomy, having been published in the pages of *Good Words*, besides being delivered orally, are probably already familiar to many of our readers; but they are well worthy of a republication—ay, and republication again—which we doubt not they will receive from a numerous circle of students of the sciences of which they treat.

*The Adventures of a Griffin on a Voyage of Discovery.* Written by Himself. Illustrated by H. S. Melville. London: Bell and Daldy.

One has not read far into this interesting volume till the discovery is made that the artist and author are one and the same individual, and that Mr. H. S. Melville represents the two “single gentlemen rolled into one”—is, in fact, the “Griffin.” The adventures here recounted occurred some twenty years ago in the course of a series of surveying cruises on the Australasian coasts, undertaken by H. M. S. Fly (for which the Bluebottle of our Griffin is a synonym), under the command of an officer who was well entitled to say that he and his family had done the State some service. All this, though not stated by the “Griffin,” will be at once apparent to those familiar with the history of discovery at the antipodes. An excellent history of the expedition has already been published by one of the officers engaged; but the personal adventures described in the book before us, and the clever illustrations by which they are accompanied, lose nothing of their interest on that account. The engravings have been drawn on wood by Mr. Melville himself, from his own original sketches, and have been most carefully engraved by Mr. H. N. Woods. It is no disparagement to our Griffin to say that his hand seems more familiar with the pencil than with the pen; and yet there is in his style a simple, straightforward homeliness which is far from unpleasant. A couple of short extracts will at once show our author's way of telling his story, indicate the nature of the adventures he encountered, and afford an inkling of the state of affairs in our Australian colonies twenty years since—that is, before the discovery of gold turned the antipodean world upside down:—

## THE MASTIFF GUARD AT PORT ARTHUR.

Some one had conceived the idea of forming a guard of savage mastiffs to protect the isthmus, and certainly it was very dogmatically carried out. For, chained to a post which supported an oil-lamp, and close to which was placed a sort of Diogenesian tub, was a what? A Cerberus such as Griffin has never seen at any of the dog shows in London or elsewhere. A dog it was—but such a brute!—a rampant, savage, hideous, monster! There were about twenty of them, all fearfully ferocious and fell specimens of the canine race. And their yelpings, barking, and howlings were frightful. Those out of the way pretenders to dogship were actually rationed and borne on the Government books, and rejoiced in such sobriquets as Caesar, Pompey, Ajax, Achilles, Ugly Mug, Jowler, Tear'em, Muzz'em, with many other graceful and classic cognomens, to which the bandy-legged, strong-jawed monstrosities answered. There were the black, the white, the brindle, the grey, and the grisly, the rough and the smooth, the crop-eared and lop-eared, the gaunt and the grim. Every four-footed, black-fanged individual among them would have taken a first prize in his own class for ugliness and ferocity at any show. The redoubtable champion, old “King Dick,” is a gentleman, compared to these thrice-convicted, ruffianly-looking Eagle-Hawk-Neckers. The line of dog-sentinels was stretched from the inner bay to the outer ocean, a distance of perhaps two or three hundred yards across the isthmus, and the guard was complete. The animals could rub noses affectionately if they felt so inclined, but could not get sufficient hold of each other to have a fair mouthful; so, unless a collar or chain perchance gave way, fighting was out of the question. A fugitive would have to make a smart leap to clear danger; and even then, of course, the frantic baying and howling of the whole mastiff kennel would excite alarm, as there was a little hill in the rear of the dogs, upon which a sentry was stationed. Once an attempt was made to escape, the fugitive swimming into the surf, where he was shot. The ladies of the party—with the exception of Lady Franklin, who possessed a nerve of steel—were naturally much alarmed at the violent straining of chains and the muscular and ferocious tension of excitement exhibited by the four-footed watchers; but misgivings on the score of personal safety were soon allayed by a little, attenuated, swarthy Pole, also a convict, clad in a canny suit and leather cap, whose business it was to minister to the comforts of the Cerberus. In his hands they were lapdogs, meek as lambs or “sucking-doves.” He it was who trimmed their watch-lamps, brought their meat, shook up their beds, was their friend, and cressed them, and woe would have betided the assailant who hurt one hair of the little Pole's head had any member of the mastiff-guard been able to reach him. The canine corps has long ceased to exist, and Port Arthur is not the penal station it was; its neighbouring woods echo now with other and more cheerful sounds than the thud of the convict's hammer and the dismal and sullen strokes of the spades of the road-gangs. Often amidst the hideous roar-hounds and slave-hounds of recent dog-shows Griffin has thought he could recognise a distant likeness to a few of the old members of the mastiff guard. Is it possible that any of them may have since done duty for old Legree the slave-hunter? or that the brindled brute in Ansted's picture of the “Fugitive Slave” was descended from one of them? Adieu, ye fanged, grim defenders of the law! enough of you!

So much for a bit of convict life. Now take, as illustrating aboriginal peculiarities

## NATIVE COMBATS.

At Port Essington a party of officers were taking tea at the Doctor's quarters, when a young native suddenly rushed into the apartment, exclaiming “Bilbo” (a nickname for the Doctor), “give 'em aleger” (the native name for a formidable spear). “What for, Neimnal?” said the Doctor. “Plenty fight out there,” replied Neimnal, pointing to the bush.

The spear was given him, and away he bounded like a deer, accompanied by a half-brother nearly his own age, but both under twenty. After a while Neimnal and his brother returned, looking very queer about the eyes, and altogether having an aspect of what is called “seedy.” “Well, Neimnal, brought the spear back?” said the Doctor. “Yes, Bilbo,” replied Neimnal. Then the Doctor asked him how he had fared in the fight. “Think um kill one fella; break 'im arm, other wun.” “Did you not get hurt yourself, Neimnal?” inquired the Doctor. “I don't kno,” said Neimnal, grinning; “ketch um 'ere,” and he pointed out with his finger a great wound in his head; and “ketch um 'ere,” he added, showing another big gash on the other side. Then he grinned again, and turning towards his brother, whose head hung down, he remarked, “Plenty sick, this fella; ketch um 'ere,” and, drawing a shock of hair on one side, he exposed a terrible cut on the poor fellow's head. The reader will say it was very reprehensible to let the lad have the spear, but Griffin's excuse for the Doctor is that it was done without thinking, and that serious consequences resulting were certainly not anticipated. Though the hurts were very severe they were only skin wounds (the aboriginal's skull is very hard), and soon healed. The same evening an event occurred which exemplified the native power of endurance. The row outside the settlement was still going on, and some old crones amongst the gins seemed to do their best to promote ill-blood, their venomous old tongues wagging furiously. Two shaggy-headed savages stood out in the light of the camp fire, resting their hands on their knees, leaning forward, glaring into each other's eyes, and abusing one another with all the angry expletives and irritating power of which their barbarous guttural was capable. Then, seemingly by mutual consent, one held his head steadily down, whilst the other raised a heavy wooden sword or club, and dealt a blow on it sufficient to have felled an ox, with no other result than a shake of the head on the part of the recipient. Another set-to of the tongue warfare ensued, prompted by the venom-spitting crones, and the dealer of the last blow, holding down his shaggy scone, took his dose of club physic, which must certainly have sent the brains wandering, though it did not scatter them.

## JUVENILE BOOKS PUBLISHED BY ROUTLEDGE AND SONS.

*The Village Idol.* By Mrs. HENRY MACKERNES, Author of “A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam.” With Illustrations.

*Hollowdell Grange; or, Holiday Hours in a Country Home.* By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

*Ernie Elton at School; and What Came of His Going There.* By Mrs. EILLOART, Author of “Johnny Jordan,” &c.

*The Children of Blessing.* By the Author of “The Four Sisters,” &c. With Illustrations.

The important race of juvenile readers will have to be satisfied with the smallest approach to variety this season. The time has come for adventurous literary spirits to strike into fresh paths, or rather to make them, since the late style of boy's books and girl's books is becoming quite used-up. It is hard to expect novelty from experience, however honourable; and therefore we accept the new volume by the author of “A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam” as a graceful addition to a time-honoured series. As a story, it certainly is not new; but as a series of sketches, full of good writing and good purpose, no reader of modern miscellaneous fiction will doubt. The heroine is adopted whilst an infant by an amiable lady, and grows up to be the “village idol” in due time. Not, however, without various idle and ill-natured persons venturing to disagree with the enormous majority. Mildred Baintree seems to be a beautiful specimen of Christian perfection and devotion, and, not without some trials and heartaches, she marries the excellent Reverend Mr. Hope, amid universal rejoicing. The list of her birthday presents, and of the wild young gentlemen whom she converts, will be found equally enticing, and calculated to teach young ladies what to hope for as well as to avoid. It is to be hoped that the artist has not been too successful in the portraits of Mildred Baintree. They are singularly stiff and flat.

The boys have it entirely their own way in “Hollowdell Grange.” Mr. Fenn's purpose is only to tell the amusements enjoyed by a young Londoner with his country cousins during a month of summer holiday. Their sports are of every kind familiar to honest lads who are not ashamed of larking, speaking the truth, and soiling their fingers. It is difficult to say whether they seem best when simply bolstering, or when they are enjoying the more perilous sport of fishing in the mill-stream. But their seaside aquarium pursuits, in company with their good common-sense father and uncle, will certainly be read with pleasure. Mr. Fenn's style is fresh and vigorous, and full of good teaching, without a suspicion of cant. His book is worth having, and the brisk engravings are a welcome addition to his pages.

“Ernie Elton at School” is as good as the same writer's “Johnny Jordan and his Dog,” recently commended by us. It consists entirely of high-spirited school-boy frolics, wherein the youngsters generally come off very well, and deserve to do so; and in which they conduct themselves in their actions and their talk like real boys, and make a faithful picture of the amusing side of youth. Their runaway trip to Uncle Roland in New Zealand is a rather forced incident, but such things will happen in books at Christmas time.

The title “The Children of Blessing” is perplexing. But, without puzzling ourselves too long over the titlepage, we turned to the contents of the volume—eight stories, sufficiently long to be interesting and not long enough to be tiresome. Eight stories—but it is scarcely fit to call them stories—episodes rather, in which somebody is sure to become a blessing to somebody else, and who may therefore have much to do with the perplexing title. There is much truthfulness in the characters and manners described in these pictures of morals, and the “children” should be seen before present-givers make up their minds as to what kind of goodness in literature they are going to patronise.

## MR. NIMMO'S JUVENILE PUBLICATIONS.

1. *Home Heroines: Tales for Girls.* By T. S. ARTHUR, Author of “Orange Blossoms,” &c.

2. *My New Home: A Woman's Diary.* By the Author of “Win and Wear,” &c.

3. *Lessons from Women's Lives.* By SARAH T. HALE, Authoress of “Women's Records,” &c.

4. *The Martyr Missionary; or, Five Years in China.* By the Rev. CHARLES P. BUSH, A.M.

5. *Seeing the World: A Young Sailor's Own Story.* By CHARLES NORDHOFF, Author of “The Young Man-of-War's Man.”

6. *Grace Harvey, and Other Tales.*

7. *Great and Good Women: Biographies for Girls.* By LYDIA H. SINGOURNEY.

8. *The Best Things.* By the Rev. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D., Author of “Bible Lessons,” &c.

9. *One Hour a Week: Bible Lessons for the Young.* By the Author of “Jesus upon Earth.”

10. *Bible Blessings.* By the Rev. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D., Author of “The Safe Compass,” &c.

11. *Lessons from Rose Hill, and Little Nanette.*

Mr. Nimmo, of Edinburgh, has just issued a dozen juvenile books, all suitable for prizes and presents, remarkably cheap, certainly good, and generally best suited to the taste of very young lady readers.

“Home Heroines” contains various stories of domestic goodness and triumph, in which high rank in life plays no distinguished part. A little girl who carries a milkpail, and is elevated in the social scale to the rank of housemaid, heads the list, and is honoured by a frontispiece; in this, by-the-way, the head of the little girl just dead, on the side of a striped pillow, looks strangely like a corpse as we have seen it opened on a dissecting-table. What will young ladies say to this? “My New Home” is a nicely-written story of a good middle-aged lady going to live with her poor married sister and family, and doing much good in the quietest way possible. The characters of the young men are well drawn, and the reverend father well worth expansion from the sketch. The mere title of “Lessons from Women's Lives” leaves us little to do save to indicate the variety to be found in brief memoirs of such women as Lucy Hutchinson, Christina of Sweden, Lady Jane Grey, and a dozen others. It is an old kind of book, certainly, but well done. Mr. Bush's “Martyr Missionary; or, Five

Years in China,” is an affectionate memorial of a good man who perished in a good cause—William Aitchison, of Glasgow, the Chinese missionary. Mr. Aitchison met with strange adventures in a strange country, at a time when Great Britain was very busy there; and with his country's representatives he worked honourably and well. The story has interest of many kinds.

“Seeing the World: A Young Sailor's Own Story,” is a spirited account of voyages east and west—of course, dashed with north and south, to save jealousy amongst the points of the compass. There appears to be knowledge, if not reality, in the narrative; and it is therefore worth observing how obsequious our author is to “the Service,” although, indeed, he leaves it for a merchantman. No recommendation is needed to make books of this adventurous class eagerly purchased. We should add that the books mentioned above are handsomely printed in foolscap octavo, and neatly bound, for half a crown each.

For a shilling, with less luxury of toned paper and gilding there are some little books no less commendable for their contents. It must be understood that they are very good indeed, and seem to breathe of the Sunday-school. “Grace Harvey, and Other Tales,” describes a sweet-tempered little girl's adventures amongst her rough and romping cousins; and an account of an arctic voyage in the footsteps of Franklin is full of animation. “Great and Good Women”—why, we have considered a similar subject only two minutes ago, and the reader must glance an inch or two above. The Rev. Richard Newton's good intentions may be guessed from his title of “The Best Things”; nor does he seem likely to disappoint his readers. He talks, for instance, of the beauty of the “best fountain,” and exhibits it through earthly sources. But fathers and mothers would do well to judge for themselves whether we really “break the Sabbath by seeing the fountains at Versailles”—which only a small part of the earth believes—and whether the “best fountain is in the pulpit,” from which we have often experienced many a flood of frothy nonsense.

“One Hour a Week” consists of fifty-two little sermons, or sermonettes, from the simplest texts, making sound reading for children. “Bible Blessings” is another of the Rev. Mr. Newton's little volumes, full of good teaching and Scripture descriptions to which nobody could object. It is very serious, and, strangely as it may sound to many young hearers, well suited to the approaching mirthful season.

Our last book, “Lessons from Rose Hill” and “Little Nanette,” contains two stories in one volume. The reading is more secular than others on the present list; and the stories have a decidedly worldly interest, though not sufficient to make decorous parents and guardians shudder for the fate of their young charges. But, in truth, some of the young ladies are frivolous, or even worse. Thus, Adela asks, “Please tell me what dress my doll ought to wear at home: her black cardinal or her blue-coat dress?” And grown-up Laura says, “I am more anxious than usual about this examination, because my cousin, Herbert Elliot, who graduated last year at Cambridge, and is attending medical lectures in town, will probably be here; and I think so much of him that I wish to appear my best.” Ah! Laura; a great number of medical Petrarchs are named Herbert.

## BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

*The Child's Coloured Gift-Book.* With One Hundred Illustrations. London: Routledge and Sons.

*Routledge's Scripture Gift-Book.* London: Routledge and Sons.

*The Child's Coloured Scripture Gift-Book.* London: Routledge and Sons.

*Roundabout Rhymes and Roundabout Stories About Square Pictures.* By C. H. R. London: Dean and Son.

*The Three Little Piggies and the Old Oak Tree.* London: Dean and Son.

A word or two must suffice for each of the little books we have named at the top of this notice. “The Child's Coloured Gift-Book” is much superior to the ordinary run of such productions, and is progressive in its character. It contains two alphabets, with distinct sets of illustrations—namely, the “Farm-yard Alphabet” and “Tom Thumb's Alphabet,” together with “The Child's Book of Trades,” “Lucy and her Doll,” and other tales for children, all of which are accompanied by superior illustrations, nicely printed in colours by Leighton Brothers. This book is certain to be a favourite in the nursery.

“Routledge's Scripture Gift-Book” contains an alphabet of the Old Testament and an alphabet of the New Testament, with coloured illustrations, likewise printed by the Leightons, of which it is enough to say that the pictures are by far the best-executed parts. To these alphabets has been added the “History of Moses” and the “History of Joseph,” noticed by us on their appearance separately some weeks since.

Of “The Child's Coloured Scripture Gift-Book” it is enough to say that it is a further utilisation of the materials of the Scripture alphabets and of the Moses and Joseph histories, in a more convenient shape, and with some additional engravings and expanded letterpress. In this form these materials work up into a very handsome volume indeed.

The two little books issued by Messrs. Dean and Son are not all new, nor all very pretty (indeed they are rather ugly); nor does it at all matter. The reading may be somewhat more silly than that of the bulk of so-called children's books (which we should fancy even silly children would heartily despise); but the pictures are funny (or supposed to be so), and so will pass in the nursery. At all events, these books are quite good enough to look at and then tear to pieces—a fate which, we suspect, will befall better, more elegant, and more pretentious productions; such, for instance, as those of Messrs. Routledge noticed above.

HOW TO MAKE TOUGH BEEF TENDER.—To those who have worn down their teeth in masticating poor, old, tough cow beef, we will say that carbonate of soda will be found a remedy for the evil. Cut the steaks, the day before using, into slices about two inches thick, rub over them a small quantity of soda, wash off next morning, cut it into suitable thickness, and cook to notion. The same process will answer for fowls, legs of mutton, &c. Try it, all who love delicious, tender dishes of meat.—*The Queen.*

THE REDUCTION OF WAGES IN SOUTH WALES.—As yet notices of a reduction have only been given at the Merthyr and Aberdare ironworks, which consist of about fifty blast furnaces and the usual proportion of rail mills and forges. In the whole of the South Wales district, including Monmouthshire, there are about 120 furnaces in blast, so that the intimation of a reduction has only been given, up to the present time, by less than one half the trade. When a reduction was proposed in July last, a difference of opinion arose as to how to treat the colliers who were employed in pits the produce of which was partly exported and partly consumed at the ironworks, and the result was the withdrawal of the notice. Since then the Merthyr and Aberdare ironmasters have become large exporters of coal; but such is the depression in the iron trade that they have considered it incumbent upon them to be the first on the present occasion to announce a reduction, and in this they are fully justified by the large decrease in the demand. There is no doubt that a similar step will be taken by the Monmouthshire employers at the end of the present month, and, as far as the feelings of the men are ascertained, it appears that they will offer no opposition. Ten per cent is expected to be the reduction, but there are grounds to fear that it may be more.

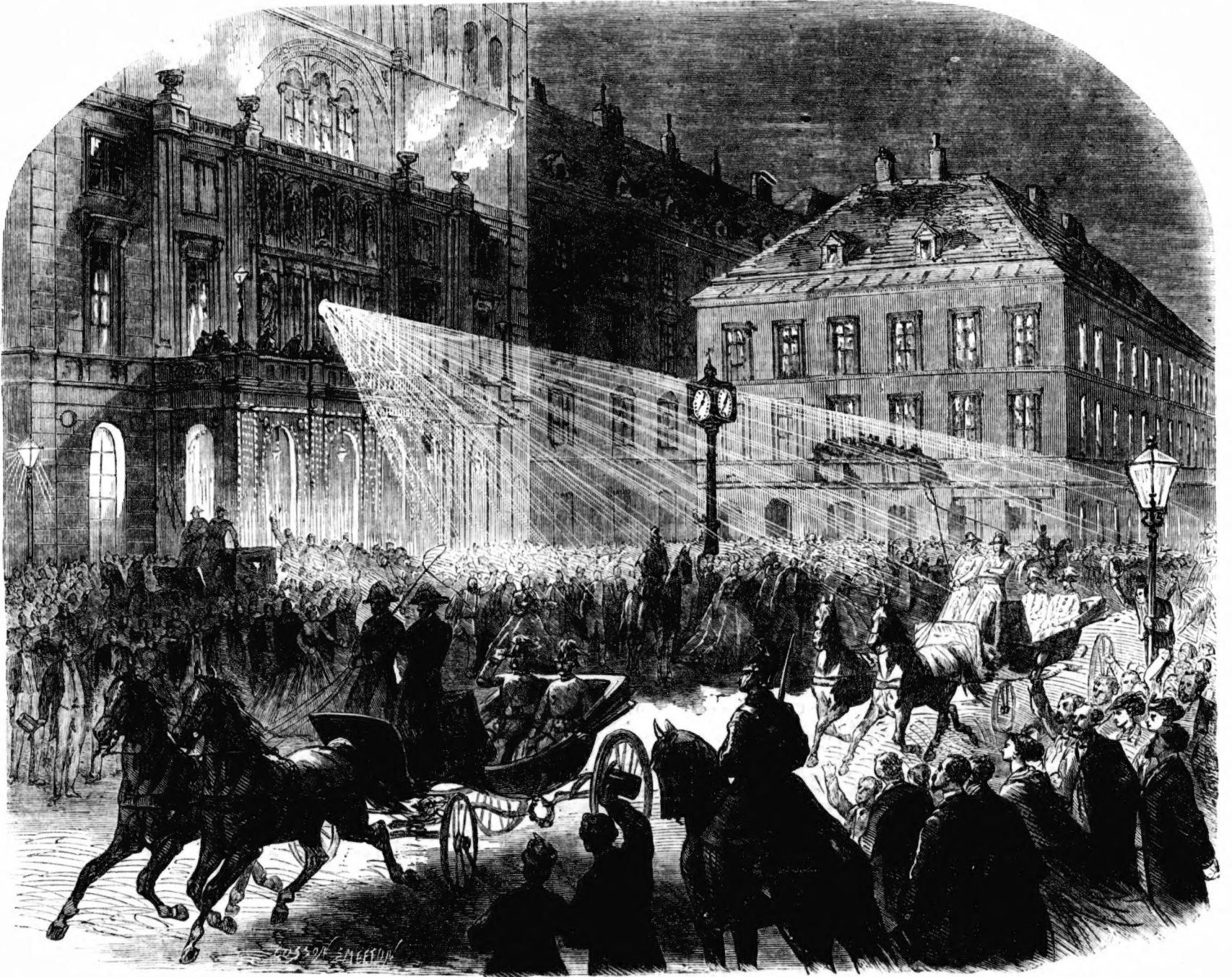
COMPULSORY EDUCATION.—On Monday a meeting, presided over by the Mayor, was held in the Townhall, Manchester, for the purpose of considering the propriety of petitioning Parliament in favour of the adoption of a measure to provide for the primary instruction of the children of the poorer classes, by means of local rates under local administration, with legal power, in cases of parental neglect, to enforce attendance at school. Several gentlemen addressed the meeting in favour of the petition, while others expressed their disapproval of it. Mr. Alderman Bennett moved, “That in the opinion of this meeting it is desirable to make complete provision for the primary instruction of the children of the poorer classes, by means of local rates, under local administration, with legal power, in cases of neglect, to enforce attendance at school.” The Rev. J. Nunn moved, as an amendment, “That this meeting, while feeling deeply the necessity that still exists for bringing the lowest classes under the influence of education, is not prepared at present to adopt the bill of the Education Act Society, but is of opinion that further investigations into the extent of educational destitution are called for.” The amendment was negatived by a great majority and a petition in accordance with the resolution was adopted.



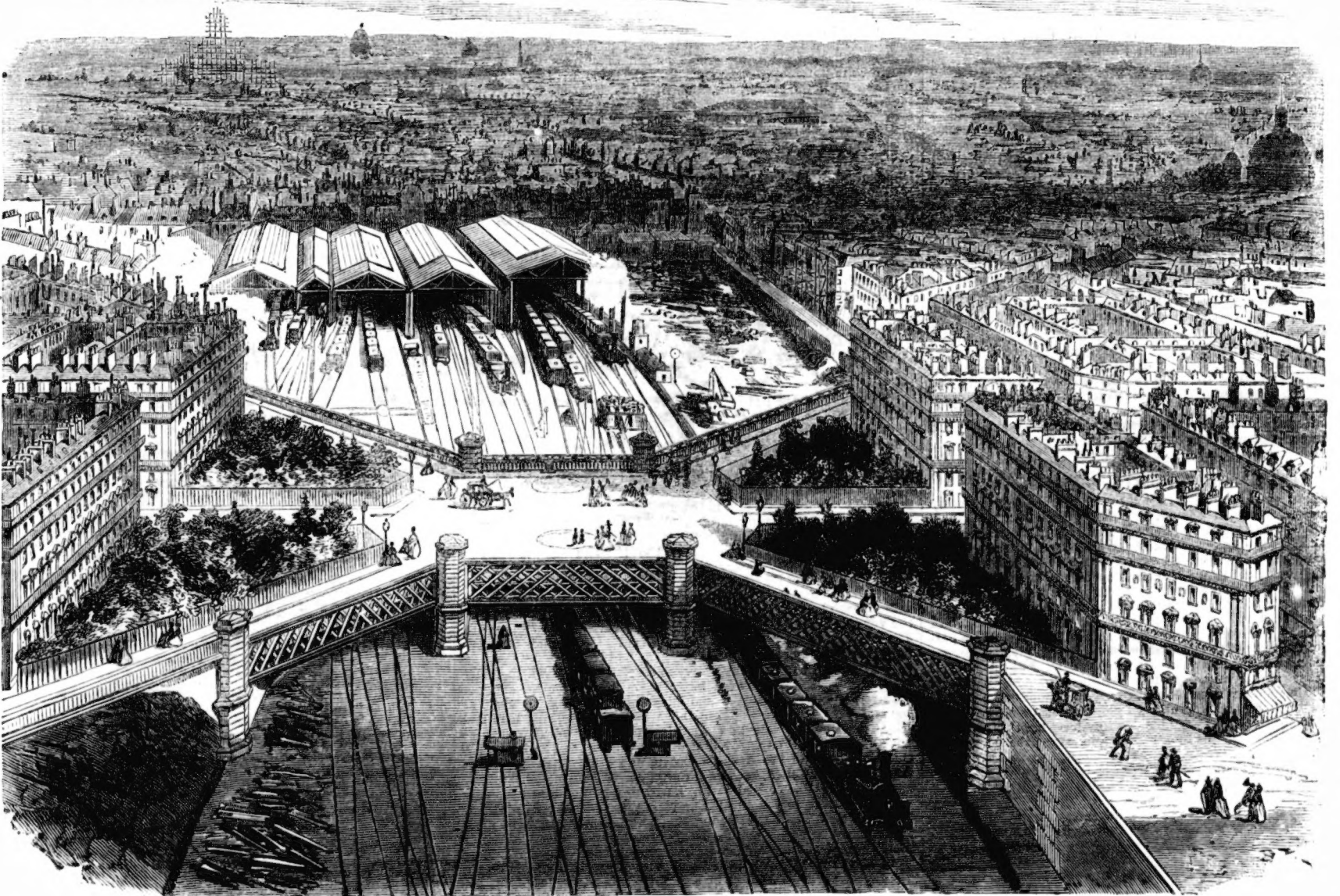


VIADUCT OF DESTINA-FERROS, ON THE SEVILLE AND CORDOVA RAILWAY.





ENTRY OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA INTO VIENNA AFTER HIS TOUR IN BOHEMIA.



THE RAILWAY STATION IN THE PLACE DE L'EUROPE, PARIS.



### THE RAILWAY FROM SEVILLE TO CORDOVA.

THE recent visit of the Queen of Spain to Portugal may be said to be the real inauguration of that railway by which Her Majesty made her journey, and which has only recently been completed. The construction of such a line in Spain, where improvement is so slow and where innovation is so strongly resented, may well be considered a great event; and that it is really a work worthy of some national satisfaction may be seen by our Engraving, which represents that portion of the line which traverses the wildest and most difficult part of the country. The completion of the railway from Andalusia is really an evidence of what may be accomplished by engineering skill against natural obstacles which would appear to be insurmountable. The line itself skirts the very edges of awful abysses, and sometimes winds along valleys, where it looks only like a thread of metal, and, by comparison, makes the natural scenery appear grander and more striking.

The passage of Despiná-Perros, which is represented in our Engraving, will give our readers some idea of the extraordinary country through which the traveller is carried on his journey towards the wonderful old town, half Spanish, half Moorish, which he would risk even a ride in a bullock-wagon to visit. On the right, on the little road bordered with houses, the old diligence formerly made the same journey; but the diligence is now laid up in ordinary in some frowsy stable-yard, or has perhaps been sold to some distant proprietor where its leather structure may be utilised. Henceforth the high road will be monopolised by the muleteers; and for some time to come the peasants of Despiná-Perros, hearing the shrill scream of the approaching train, will start and wonder what new change has come upon them—a change which will ere long alter their mode of life, and make their children into a new race of men and women, with wider expectations and keener curiosity about a world newly opened to them by the great iron way.

### THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA RE-ENTERING VIENNA.

THE tour of the Emperor of Austria through his northern provinces was evidently undertaken as a painful duty, and his reception by the people, cordial as it was in a few instances, can scarcely have mitigated the bitter disappointment which he must feel at his late terrible disasters. Of course much was done at the various places at which His Majesty stayed on his route to accord him an external or at least an official welcome; but the lowering looks of an almost silent people, the reproachful faces even of a loyal crowd, must have added very keenly to his distress at the result of the war. On his return journey, however, His Majesty was received with more warmth, and his re-entry into Vienna, where the politest people in the world are at all events superficially loyal, was carefully and completely anticipated by the preparation of illuminations and decorations of the proper pattern. Whether these can compensate for the lack of enthusiasm is another matter; there they were, and great effects were produced by the combination of gas-jets and coloured lamps.

His Majesty was received at the railway station by the male members of the Imperial family, the Ministers, the Corporation, the Statthalter, the General in command of the Vienna garrison, the members of the Chamber of Commerce, and other Viennese celebrities.

Dr. Zelinka made a "neat and appropriate speech," to which the Emperor returned a polite answer. The chairman of the Chamber of Commerce followed Dr. Zelinka's lead, and received a short but gracious reply; and then the Emperor turned towards his relatives, with all of whom he warmly shook hands; conversed for a short time with the Archduke Regnier, then shook hands with the Ministers and Count Chorinsky, and finally stepped into his carriage. A good many people were assembled outside the station to see him drive off, and some cheering was raised; it could have been wished there had been more of it, and louder. The Mayor, as in duty bound, preceded the Emperor's carriage through the town, and a goodly procession of carriages, containing the Archdukes, Ministers, &c., and the Imperial suite, followed. The Aspern Bridge was splendidly lighted up, the Carl Theatre and several of the palatial hotels adorning the Leopoldstadt were brilliantly illuminated; but the people spoil the whole exhibition. In the first place, the number of spectators was small; and, in the next, cheering and other manifestations of loyalty were conspicuous by their absence.

### THE RAILWAY WORKS AT THE PLACE DE L'EUROPE, IN PARIS.

ALL those visitors to Paris who are in the habit of making the journey to Versailles, Asnières, Colombes, Châtou, Reuil, and St. Germain will have observed that, after leaving the station, they have run through two tunnels before arriving at the fortifications. The first of these passed under the Place de l'Europe, and the second under the Batignolles. The tunnel of the Place de l'Europe was found to be so inconvenient for the arrangement of the trains and the general business of the station that it has been superseded; and our Engraving represents the enormous platform where the lines converge and the great traffic is controlled as it will appear when the projected works are completed.

It is not easy to describe the method employed for continuing the traffic during the progress of this gigantic alteration, when every detail produced its own special inconveniences. The difficulties, however, were overcome; for it was impossible to stop the course of the western line to Versailles, especially at a time when so many messages and couriers were passing between that place and the capital; and the inconvenient tunnel has been abolished in favour of an enormous platform of iron, which is now nearly completed, and will occupy almost the entire space of the Place de l'Europe. These important works are being executed, under the direction of M. Clerc, the engineer to the railway company, with a rapidity and precision which, considering the obstacles to their progress, are truly surprising.

The houses which will be built around the locality will present the appearance represented in our Illustration.

### CONCERTS.

THE second performance given by the Sacred Harmonic Society for the present season, consisting, as it did, of Mozart's "Requiem" and Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum," naturally attracted a very numerous audience. Both works are known to be among the society's stock pieces, but it has not yet occurred to anyone to reproach it with having performed either of them too often. Nor, without constant repetition of the same music, is it likely that the chorus of the Sacred Harmonic Society, which includes such a large proportion of amateurs, would ever have attained the correctness and command of effect which it now for the most part exhibits. In noticing a performance of the "Requiem" it looks remarkable not to give an account of the circumstances under which it was composed. But the story of Count Wallesley, determined amateur and thoroughgoing impostor, who wanted a requiem from Mozart, partly in honour of his lately-deceased wife and partly for his own glorification (inasmuch as he intended to pass it off as his own), has been told often enough. Nothing can be more dramatic than the arrival of the mysterious stranger at Mozart's house, with an earnest request for a funeral mass; nothing more touching and impressive than Mozart's conviction that the work he set about composing would be performed for the first time at his own obsequies. The only pity is that the tale should already have been repeated so many times. The discussion about Süssmayr and the additions he did or did not make to Mozart's unfinished score is also a good deal worn, nor can it ever be positively known what Süssmayr's actual share in the work amounted to. Putting direct musical criticism on one side, however, if Süssmayr really wrote the "Sanctus," the "Benedictus," and the "Agnus Dei," it is strange that he for ever afterwards abstained systematically from composing anything else in the same style. The execution of Mozart's great religious work, on Friday week, was all

that could be desired. The principal singers were Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Weiss. Mr. Costa, as usual, conducted. In the "Dettingen Te Deum" the bass solos were effectively given by Mr. Weiss. One of the striking features in this heroic composition is the part for the trumpet, which, in the hands of Mr. Thomas Harper, had full justice done to it. Mr. Harper's talent was especially exemplified in the obligato accompaniment to "Thou art the King of glory."

Christmas, notoriously, comes but once a year. What is far more extraordinary is, that every year the traditionally festive season which precedes and follows the day itself is made to begin earlier. Christmas books and Christmas numbers are published early in December, and the "Christmas performances of 'The Messiah'" (of which we have three every year, and this year shall have four) began last Tuesday, when Handel's great work was performed by the Tonic Sol-fa Association, at St. James's Hall. On Wednesday the National Choral Society gave its "Christmas performance of 'The Messiah'" at Exeter Hall; and two more Christmas performances of this ever-welcome oratorio are promised to us—one at Exeter Hall, by the Sacred Harmonic Society; the other, at St. James's Hall, by we know not what association, under the direction of Professor Sterndale Bennett. The principal vocalists at the National Choral Society's Christmas performance were Mme. Rudersdorff, Miss Palmer, Mr. Leigh Wilson, and Signor Foli. Mr. Leigh Wilson's most successful effort was in the opening recitative and air "Comfort ye" and "Every valley." In the declamatory air, "Thou shalt break them," Mr. Wilson displayed a good deal of power; but in the florid passages his execution was wanting in flexibility. The young tenor, however, has improved since his first appearance last year, and will in time, no doubt, take a very high position as a singer of oratorio music. Signor Foli, of Her Majesty's Theatre, sang the bass solos, "The people that walked" and "Why do the nations" with fine effect. Mr. Martin's choir is quite at home in the music of "The Messiah," and its execution on Wednesday evening of the "For unto us" chorus and of the "Hallelujah" was all that could be desired.

### THE REFRESHMENT-ROOM AT MUGBY JUNCTION.

WE always look for something good from Mr. Dickens at Christmas time, and he never disappoints us. This year, the Christmas number of *All the Year Round* is called "Mugby Junction," and from it we extract the following admirable piece of word-painting, which is put into the mouth of "The Boy at Mugby":—

"I am The Boy at Mugby. That's about what I am. You don't know what I mean? What a pity! But I think you do. I think you must. Look here! I am the Boy at what is called The Refreshment-room at Mugby Junction, and what's proudest boast is, that it never yet refreshed a mortal being."

"Up in a corner of the Down Refreshment-room at Mugby Junction, in the height of twenty-seven cross draughts (I've often counted 'em while they brush the First Class hair twenty-seven ways), behind the bottles, among the glasses, bounded on the north-west by the beer, stood pretty far to the right of a metallic object that's at times the tea-urn and at times the soup-tureen, according to the nature of the last twang imparted to its contents which are the same groundwork, fended off from the traveller by a barrier of stale sponge-cakes, erected atop of the counter, and lastly exposed sideways to the glare of Our Missis's eye—you ask a Boy so situated, next time you stop in a hurry at Mugby, for anything to drink; you take particular notice that he'll try to seem not to hear you, that he'll appear in an absent manner to survey the Line through a transparent medium composed of your head and body, and that he won't serve you as long as you can possibly bear it. That's Me."

"What a lark it is! We are the Model Establishment, we are, at Mugby. Other Refreshment-rooms send their imperfect young ladies up to be finished off by Our Missis. For some of the young ladies, when they're new to the business, come into it mild! Ah! Our Missis, she soon takes that out of 'em. Why, I originally come into the business meek myself. But Our Missis she soon took that out of me."

"What a delightful lark it is! I look upon us Refreshmenters as occupying the only proudly independent footing on the Line. There's Papers, for instance—my honourable friend, if he will allow me to call him so—him as belongs to Smith's bookstall. Why, he no more dares to be up to our Refreshmenting games, than he dares to jump atop of a locomotive with her steam at full pressure, and cut away upon her alone, driving himself, at limited mail speed. Papers, he'd get his head punched at every compartment, first, second, and third, the whole length of a train, if he was to venture to imitate my demeanour. It's the same with the porters, the same with the guards, the same with the ticket-clerks, the same the whole way up to the secretary, traffic manager, or very chairman. There ain't a one among 'em on the nobly independent footing we are. Did you ever catch one of 'em, when you wanted anything of him, making a system of surveying the Line through a transparent medium composed of your head and body? I should hope not."

"You should see our Bandolining-room at Mugby Junction. It's led to, by the door behind the counter which you'll notice usually stands ajar, and it's the room where Our Missis and our young ladies Bandoline their hair. You should see 'em at it betwixt trains, Bandolining away, as if they was anointing themselves for the combat. When you're telegraphed you should see their noses all a going up with scorn, as if it was a part of the working of the same Cooke and Wheatstone electrical machinery. You should hear Our Missis give the word, 'Here comes the Beast to be Fed!' and then you should see 'em indignantly skipping across the Line, from the Up to the Down, or Wicer Warsaw, and begin to pitch the stale pastry into the plates, and chuck the sawdust sandwiches under the glass covers, and get out the ha ha ha!—the Sherry—O my eye, my eye,—for your Refreshment."

"It's only in the Isle of the Brave and Land of the Free (by which, of course, I mean to say Britannia) that Refreshmenting is so effective, so 'olesome, so constitutional a check upon the public. There was a foreigner, which having politely, with his hat off, beseeched our young ladies and Our Missis for 'a leetle gloss of prandee,' and having had the Line surveyed through him by all, and no other acknowledgment, was a proceeding at last to help himself, as seems to be the custom in his own country, when Our Missis with her hair almost a coming un-Bandolined with rage, and her eyes omitting sparks! flew at him, cotched the decanter out of his hand, and said, 'Put it down, I won't allow that!' The foreigner turned pale, stepped back with his arms stretched out in front of him, his hands clasped, and his shoulders riz, and exclaimed, 'Ah! Is it possible this! That these disdainous females and this ferocious old woman are placed here by the administration, not only to empoison the voyagers, but to affront them! Great Heaven! How arrives it? The English people. Or is he then a slave? Or idiot?' Another time, a merry, wideawake American gent had tried the sawdust and spit it out, and had tried the Sherry and spit that out, and had tried in vain to sustain exhausted nature upon Butter-Scotch, and had been rather extra Bandolined and Line-surveyed through, when, as the bell was ringing and he paid Our Missis, he says, very loud and good-tempered: 'I tell Yew what 'tis, ma'arm. I la'af. Theer! I la'af. I Dew. I oughter ha' seen most things, for I hail from the Unlimited side of the Atlantic Ocean, and I haive travelled right slick over the Limited, head on through Jee-rusalem and the East and likewise France and Italy, Europe Old World, and am now upon the track to the Chief European Village; but such an Institution as Yew, and Yewer young ladies, and Yewer fixin's solid and liquid, afore the glorious Tarnal I never did see yet! And if I ha'n't found the eighth wonder of monarchical Creation, in finding Yew, and Yewer young ladies, and Yewer fixin's solid and liquid, all as aforesaid, established in a country where the people air not absolute Loo-natticks, I am Extra Double Darned with a Nip and Frizzle to the innermost grit! Wheerfur—Theer!—I la'af! I Dew, ma'arm. I la'af!' And so he went, stamping and shaking his sides, along the platform all the way to his own compartment."

### TERRIBLE COLLIERY EXPLOSIONS.

AN explosion, with terrible results, has occurred in a colliery near Barnsley, York-shire. At the distance of about a mile and a half from Barnsley is a small village known as Hoyle Mill, and the people living there—almost all of them colliers or related to colliers—were, shortly after one o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, startled by an explosion, which shook the ground like an earthquake. Those who chanced to be near the Oaks Colliery saw a dense volume of smoke issuing from one of the shafts, and were so made aware of the seat of the calamity. Within a few minutes a large crowd, mainly composed of women and children, collected on the pit bank. Most of these were half wild with grief, and, in their frantic movements from one part of the bank to another, implored information about relatives whom they knew to be below. It was known that nearly 400 men and boys were in the pit. Preparations were commenced with great promptitude to rescue the poor fellows. These preparations were made under the direction of Mr. T. Dyamond, the managing partner of the firm to whom the colliery belongs. It was determined to descend the second shaft, as it was found that the explosion had destroyed the wire rope in the other, and as the thick volume of smoke which still ascended made a descent there impossible. The police officers of the district now arrived, and found considerable difficulty in keeping a clear space about the pit's mouth, for they had to deal with an excited crowd of not less than 3000 people. At length they succeeded, and a party of men descended the shaft. In a short time they returned, bringing with them several dead bodies, all of them badly burned. A difficulty here occurred, which, on becoming known to the crowd which flocked around, greatly intensified the excitement. The colliery is one of the largest in the district, and the works extend about two miles from the bottom of the shaft. The men who brought up the first batch of dead pitmen reported that the passage of air had been stopped, rendering it for a time impossible to go beyond the immediate vicinity of the foot of the shaft. There could be little or no hope, they said, of reaching the bulk of the miners who were below until the works could be opened and a free circulation of air obtained. Continual descents were made in the shaft which remained open, and up to about five o'clock more than thirty bodies of men and lads had been landed at the bank. Several of these were dead, and most of the others were so badly burned that there seemed little hope of their lives being saved. Among those first sent up were several lads of from twelve to fourteen years of age. The bodies were so disfigured that their relatives, in many cases, found it difficult to identify them. There were anxious mothers and sisters, who, unable to make out the features of the charred and blackened faces, turned to the clogs on the feet and the buttons on the clothes for means of identification. In a few cases, the men who were got out of the pit alive appeared to be in the greatest agony; but most of them seem to have been so benumbed, possibly by the foul gases evolved by the explosion, as to have lost all sense of feeling.

So soon as intelligence of the catastrophe reached the neighbouring pits, the stewards and viewers, with praiseworthy humanity, left for the purpose of rendering what assistance they could at the Oaks. After a short consultation, it was determined to have an immediate examination of the workings. It is feared that much labour will have to be performed before the pit can be explored to any extent. In the mean time every exertion is being made to recover the men and lads who may be at any point within reach. It is almost certain that the loss of life will be very great, as a long time must elapse before the extreme points can be approached. Much, however, will depend upon the amount of damage done and upon the condition of the various stoppings. Most of those engaged in the efforts to relieve the entombed miners look upon the explosion as one of the most disastrous which has ever happened in the district, although explosions here have not been by any means of rare occurrence. The disaster at Lundhill, in 1857, when 189 lives were lost, will be well remembered; as also that at Edmond's Main, in 1862, when fifty-nine persons were killed.

The Oaks Colliery is the property of Mr. R. Micklethwaite, of Ardsley, and is leased to Messrs. Frith, Barber, and Co. There are persons in the district who remember that about twenty years ago there occurred in the same pit a catastrophe similar to that which happened on Wednesday. Then seventy-three lives were lost. The pit is about 270 yards deep, and, although it has been worked for a great number of years all the recent improvements as to ventilation and so forth have been adopted.

An exploring party have reported that on examining the new level and drift they counted thirty-eight dead bodies within a space of about fifty yards. There is no doubt that all the horses are dead. The opinion of the mining engineers is that, owing to the fouling of the air and the stoppage of the air-courses, there cannot be one man alive in the workings. If this opinion should prove correct, the explosion will have caused the destruction of more than 800 lives.

It has been ascertained that the explosion has not extended so far as to set fire to the coal. This leads to the hope that, unlike what was the case on the occasion of the explosion at Lundhill, the workings may be easily cleared, and all the bodies be quickly brought to bank.

Another colliery explosion, by which although more than twenty persons were injured, providentially no lives were lost, took place on Monday, at Little Hulton, near Manchester. The cause of the accident is said to have been a fall of roof by which a large quantity of imprisoned gas was liberated. This is one of the events in the coal-mine which, it is said, the most careful miners cannot always prevent or foresee; but, even then, the explosion must be due to contact with fire. The Government inspector is to make an official examination.

THE NEW COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE.—Few readers who care to study the history of the time will have failed to remark the new character which international relations have of late years assumed in consequence of a more widely-spread recognition of the principles of free trade and of the material interests by which nation is bound to nation. The personal interests of Sovereigns and statesmen, as well as the tendencies of popular opinion as regards nationalities and territorial aggrandisement, have, indeed, brought about very important modifications in the map of Europe; but, steadily and silently, other motives have imprinted a new character on the events of the day. European nations have made real progress in learning to appreciate their relations of inter-dependence; and the barriers which prejudice had created, and which restricted a beneficial intercourse between them, have been in a great measure removed, and will, as we confidently hope, shortly disappear altogether. Without entering at length on a review of the gradual steps which, dating from our commercial treaty with France, have led to this useful result, we would recommend to the attention of our readers the results of the late war in Germany. The sound of the last cannon has scarcely died away when the diplomatist again appears on the scene; but this time it is not for the purpose of establishing arbitrary principles of dismemberment or capricious distributions of territory, but for the useful purpose of extending the basis of the commercial relations of the different members of the European family. The very treaties which have established the principles of accord between the belligerent Powers have comprised among their articles stipulations which involve an early discussion and settlement of their commercial relations, and there is every reason to hope that we shall see as the result a large development of commercial intercourse between Austria and Italy, and important modifications in the same relations between Austria and Germany, and between the Zollverein and the other German States. We trust that the lesson will not be lost upon our own rulers. Of late years we have observed with pleasure indications that the attention of our diplomatists has been more systematically directed to the commercial questions which are so intimately connected with the wellbeing of British interests. The commercial reports of British diplomatic and Consular agents, to which we have from time to time called the attention of our readers, afford gratifying proof of the zeal and ability which have been devoted to a subject of considerable national importance; and we are glad to learn that since the seals of the Foreign Office were intrusted to Lord Stanley he has given his attention to the subject with a view to place the matter on a footing of permanent efficiency. Within the walls of the Foreign Office a special department has been created and placed under the charge of Mr. Charles Sprigg Rice, as superintendent, which will be charged with the correspondence relating to commercial matters; and we cannot but hope that the interests of the country at large will derive benefit from an arrangement which should put an end to that uncertain or divided responsibility which has been a source of complaint on the part of our commercial bodies, to such an extent, indeed, as to have led to the appointment of a Committee of the House of Commons to inquire into the subject.—*Economist*.







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